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Robert Anderson Esq
with the Author's kind reg

THE

MERRY BRIDAL O' FIRTHMAINS,

AND OTHER POEMS AND SONGS.

BY JAMES SMITH.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

ON FIRST EDITION.

THE edition of the poems, alluded to in the two first notices, consisted only of two copies, and was set up and pulled at the press during the author's spare hours.

"Since the palmy days of Scott and Byron, few poets have had the glory of issuing their earliest editions in quarto; the Poet-Laureate himself is content with small octavo. Yet the book now before us is a quarto volume of two hundred and fifty pages, and is privately printed. What wealthy and ambitious versifier is this—it may be asked—who indulges in such unusual luxury of large paper and print, regardless of expense? No rich or noble author at all—simply a working-man. Mr James Smith is, in fact, a journeyman printer, and he has set up and printed off his poems in his leisure hours, as he had previously written them. 'There is,' says Cowper, 'a pleasure in poetic pains which only poets know;' and only printers, we presume, can experience the joy of setting up 'copy' of their own composition. Mr Smith has thus both the poet's and the compositor's pains and pleasures; and he has the pride of print without the peril of publication; without, however, its public honours, and to such honours he is, we are bound to say, well entitled. . . . Our printer-poet is no mere versifier; he has the true fire and spirit of poetry in him; it glows in his verses sometimes only too fiercely; but excess of the faculty is a much preferable fault to deficiency. Culture will correct exuberance; but no culture will cause poesy to blossom on an utterly arid and barren soil. Some slight sins against good taste may be forgiven to Mr Smith in consideration of the real merits and good qualities—the vigorous thought, the fine fancies, the delicate touches of feeling—that abound in his pages. He is not much of a descriptive or contemplative poet; his forte is more in

action and emotion. He feels keenly for the oppressed and suffering, and his feelings find ready and appropriate utterance in glowing and well-knit words. The patriot Poles, the gallant Danes, the regenerated Italians, he hails as brethren; and for all who suffer wrong and sorrow he is full of compassionate sympathy—full, too, of indignation and contempt for the wrong-doer and oppressor. His humorous are, we think, his least happy efforts; but even in them a rough vigour, manly and self-asserting, reconciles one to a certain want of polish or refinement. It is to pieces in which humour is open, predominant, and, so to speak, rampant, that our remark applies; where it is subordinate, as in 'Wee Joukydaidles,' he is often peculiarly felicitous. This already very popular song originally appeared only a few months ago in our columns, through which many of Mr Smith's best productions, of the briefer kind, have seen the light. Among these have been such sweet, mild, dreamy, tender, and delicate imitations of the old ballad style, as 'The Lintwhite,' 'Burd Ailie,' &c., and also several pieces of more immediately human interest and pathos, such as the very touching verses, 'Thou 'rt lyin' i' the lanely yird,' &c. In all these purely lyrical pieces, the music of the verse is excellent; the smooth, yet varied, rhythm shows the true poetical ear; the lines flow melodiously, and prove themselves well fitted to be sung and accompanied. Indeed, Mr Smith's verses are often sought after by two or three competing composers as soon as they appear.

* * * * * * *

"In the same spirit in which he speaks of his lines he speaks of his life; he does not fall into the common heresy to the effect that the possession of some amount, more or less, of the poetic faculty, exempts a man from the responsibilities of common life, or entitles him to pine listlessly over its sorrows, or to whine in mendicant mood over its privations. He accepts his lot with manly fortitude, and cheers 'his pained steps over the burning marle' with song and story. Fain, he says, he would taste the sweets of fortune—and who would not?—but

> 'Lord forefend I'd whinge and greet
> While health and strength are mine!'

would that all bards had the same sentiments, and acted as well up to them."—*Scotsman*, 21*st January* 1865.

"Mr James Smith, from whose privately-printed volume we extract two beautiful songs, is a journeyman printer in Edinburgh, well known to many who have been connected with the metropolitan press. For beauty, delicacy, and depth of pathos, some of his lyrical pieces are equal to anything that may be found out of Burns. In imitation of the old ballads—such as 'Burd Ailie'—he is unequalled, and nothing can be finer than the dreamy tenderness of his best productions. Mr Smith is also gifted with a rich vein of humour, although in this department he is occasionally apt to overstep the bounds of decorum. One of the best of his humorous poems, printed in this volume, is entitled 'The Merry Bridal o' Firthmains.' Years ago we had the pleasure of reading it in manuscript, and the rich humour of several verses was irresistible."—*Orkney Herald*, 31*st January* 1865.

"The collection is certainly a rich and remarkable one, containing many specimens of finely pathetic and descriptive verse, imbued with the true spirit of poetry and song. It will say little for the taste of his fellow-countrymen, or their appreciation of genuine and native talent, if this handsome collected edition of James Smith's poems—

many of which have become very popular as set to music—be not immediately and warmly welcomed."—*Scotsman*, Second Notice, *June* 20, 1866.

"James Smith is unmistakably a poet, musical, tender, and true. With a sense of humour which, from Carlyle downwards, is almost universally seen bound up with a great sadness, he combines a pathetic sweetness and a command of wailing melody sure to find its way to the popular heart, and to make him a household favourite. . . . In the poem which gives its title to the volume, we find him in his humorous vein, and it contains descriptive passages, and pictures of actual life combined with shrewd observation, not unworthy of the literature which contains 'Christ's Kirk o' the Green, 'Hallowe'en,' 'The Daft Days,' and 'Hallowfair.' To us it does not indeed appear that humour is our author's highest faculty. He does not tickle his readers with a feather, but forces them into a grin by the sheer breadth of his fun. . . . But it is in his pathetic verses that Mr Smith is always at his best; and few will prefer the fun of the 'Bridal' to the sad-sweet wail of 'Burd Ailie.'"—*Daily Review*, *June* 25, 1866.

"Mr Smith is known to a pretty extensive local circle to possess a high degree of poetic feeling, with considerable powers of poetical expression, both of a humorous and pathetic cast; and several of his lyrical pieces, which have appeared from time to time in the newspapers and otherwise, have attained no small amount of popularity. . . . The author happily and truly calls his verses 'children of impulse;' and as might be expected from this characteristic, there are many good love songs in this collection, evincing not only the muse's susceptibility to the tender passion, but much wealth of imagery, as well as purity of taste and expression. . . . A most meritorious and enjoyable volume."—*Edinburgh Courant*, *July* 9, 1866.

"In such pieces as 'Wee Joukydaidles,' however—a poem which, along with several others by the author, has been set to music, and become exceedingly popular—the pawkiness of the humour is remarkably good; while in an Irish piece, entitled, 'Jemmy Slannigan's Odd at the Opening of the Dublin Exhibition,' Mr Smith seems to have caught the true rollicking, rolling spirit of Hibernian humour and extravagance. To our thinking, however, the tenderest, and one of the very best poems in the volume, is 'Burd Ailie'—an imitation of the old Scotch ballad style of poetry—very sweet, very pleasant, and very tender."—*Glasgow Herald*, *July* 14, 1866.

"We must, however, bring these copious extracts to a close. They have been selected almost at random from a book which we have read throughout with a keen sense of enjoyment. Seldom has a book of poetry come in our way which has given us so much pleasure; and we can, therefore, with much confidence, recommend this handsome volume to the attention of our readers. Mr Smith, we would venture to predict, will take a permanent place among the poets of Scotland. His works have in them much of the sweetness and strength, the pathos and humour, the manliness and mournfulness, which are the characteristics of the Scottish Muse."—*Arbroath Guide*.

"Here we have a compositor, who, while fighting the battle of life by handicraft work, has produced a volume that at once stamps him as one of the truest poets Scotland has seen since the days of Burns. . . . Mr Smith is singularly versatile; but in all that he handles is terse, vigorous, and effective. He has a good ear for rhythm, and wields with ease the Scottish dialect. He is remarkably outspoken; and indeed his chief danger seems to consist in a liability to be led away by the strength of his convictions. That he

writes from an inner experience, the autobiographic touches prove. He is no mere copyist, but so varied are his moods, that in reading his productions the characteristics of several of our later poets are recalled to mind. . . . The scathing sarcasm of Burns, and the trenchant humour of Hood in his serious pieces, commingled with the hatred to cant, hyprocisy, and meanness shared by both, are, on the whole, not unworthily represented in 'Red Cowl, the Ghaist of the Greyfriars' Kirkyard.'"—*Newcastle Daily Express.*

"The volume of poems and songs which Mr Nimmo has just given to the public, is in many respects one of the most curious and original productions ever produced by a single mind. . . . The fact would seem to be that, gifted with rare poetic powers, and placed by birth and circumstances in a position which compelled him to earn his bread by toil of a more than ordinary harassing nature, he has, as he himself tells us in his preface, 'prompted by the immediate influence of whatever feeling happened to predominate at the time,' given expression to the thoughts which had taken possession of his soul. . . . We cannot dismiss the volume without reiterating our opinion of its great excellence, and commending it most unhesitatingly to the members of the printing profession, who are doubtless proud of numbering among their ranks a gentleman of such remarkable poetic powers."—*Scottish Typographical Circular.*

"Mr Smith is an honour to his craft and to his class. He is a working printer, and he is a family man, but he is a poet also. . . . Nor have his poetical sensibilities suffered from the sublime repression of himself which the strain of his outward life must have had upon that of his fancy and imagination. He is hearty, he is humorous, he is pathetic, he is fatherly, he is patriotic, and his verses ring with the music of a well-tuned soul. Many of the fugitive verses gathered together in the present volume appeared in the *Scotsman* and other newspapers, and to read was in almost every instance to admire them. . . . Mr Smith writes the braw auld Scotch grandly. It fits his thought as the glove fits the hazel nut, and there is not a finer poem in the book, or one more significant of the genius of Mr Smith, than that inimitable piece, 'Wee Joukydaidles.'"—*Dundee Advertiser.*

"Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the degree of his excellencies, there is no disputing the fact that Mr Smith is a genuinepoet. There are very few of our Scottish poets of the present day who can use with effect the language of Burns, but among those few we unhesitatingly rank Mr Smith. Unlike most of his contemporary Scottish versifiers, Mr Smith's language is never forced or artificial, but, on the contrary, always easy and natural. . . . The poem which gives the title to this volume is 'The Merry Bridal o' Firthmains.' . . . As a whole, we think this poem, for raciness and rattling humour, at least equal—certainly not inferior—to 'The Blythesome Bridal' of the pre-Burnsian period of Scottish song; or the 'Kelbuckstin Wedding' of Tannahill. The assembling of the guests and the description of the marriage feast are most amusing. It is quite impossible to give any idea of the poem by quotation. It must be read in order to be appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed. Mr Smith has several other poems in the humorous style, but none in which he has succeeded better than in the 'Merry Bridal.' . . . But Mr Smith appears to greatest advantage in such songs as 'Burd Ailie' and 'Lilly Lorn.' . . . There is a certain amount of ruggedness about these poems, but so little, that while they possess all the polish of modern poetry, they possess also, in a very great measure, the attractions of our older ballads. In these poems or songs, Mr Smith

displays great delicacy of taste and feeling, and a refinement and quiet splendour of language which is seldom met with in contemporary Scottish poetry."—*Greenock Herald and General Advertiser.*

"Scotland has added another to her already long and honourable list of poets who have sung in the ranks of labour. James Smith, a working printer in Edinburgh, has of late years become pretty well known to the newspaper reading public, not so much by his name, however, as by his strains of sweet and touching melody. We cordially commend the book to the attention of our readers, and we would refer them to the volume itself for a proper idea of its excellence. The author is a poet in the widest sense, and if he persevere, his genius will yet assert its further supremacy."—*The Buchan Observer, July* 13, 1866.

"A volume of poems by an Edinburgh *Cowley*—literally and absolutely an Edinburgh *Cowley*—is a rare phenomenon; and if the poetry be good it is something to look at, to speak about, and be glad of. We have had no real Edinburgh poet since the days of Robert Fergusson. It is true we have had poets living in Edinburgh. There was Sir Walter Scott, an Edinburgh man to the backbone; there was Aytoun, and among the lyrists, Vedder, Gilfillan, M'Lagan, and Ballantine—all sweet singers in their way, and all connected with Edinburgh, but not one of them could be called an Edinburgh poet. . . . We repeat it. Edinburgh has had no poet since the days of Robert Fergusson until the volume whose title is at the top of this notice appeared; and if it has the same effect upon the 'Auld Cowleys' as it has had upon ourselves, we are sure that it will be hailed by them with sincere pleasure."—*Stirling Journal and Advertiser, 20th July* 1866.

"This handsome and well-printed little volume contains much that is already familiar to the Edinburgh public, but it will not be the less welcome, for some of Mr Smith's songs are already household words. Many of the poems are extremely amusing, as, for instance, the first and longest in the book, 'The Merry Bridal of Firthmains,' which is as merry a bit of humour as ever was penned. The author can make a very pretty song out of a very small subject, as is shown in 'Wee Joukydaidles,' already sung in our concerts, and 'Clap Handies,' set to music by Mr F. W. Bridgman. Every one will read the poems with interest, but it is only mothers who will appreciate to the full the tender pathos of such sketches as 'Totty's Grave,' or 'The Wee Pair o' Shoon.'"—*Ladies' Own Journal, July* 7, 1866.

"James Smith, the Edinburgh printer, is not a mere versifier, rhyming on local incidents, on the celebrities, the scenery, and the traditions of a parish, but a genuine poet, who speaks to all mankind, more especially in his songs and smaller poems. . . . We cannot, however, conclude our notice of a volume of poems and songs of decidedly great merit, and giving promise of yet greater excellence, without paying a tribute of respect to the manly independent spirit of the man who has written it. There is no cringing or scraping to wealth or rank, no fulsome flattery of nameless ladies and gentlemen for patronage, in the poems of James Smith. We have only to add that the lovers of genuine poetry of humble life ought to add Mr Smith's poems to their libraries, for his songs are sweet, and his poems are full of fine fancies and delicate touches of feeling."—*Elgin Courant, July* 27.

"James Smith is one of the most melodious, the most heart-stirring, the most affecting Scottish poet who has lived since the days of Robert Burns. And yet James Smith has toiled on for years and years as a printer, and few but those who know his good heart and

his manliness have said a kind word to him. He has long had to pick up the clicking type for a scanty subsistence, and we know that the compositor's work is about the most laborious and exhausting that can well be conceived."—*The North Briton, July* 14, 1866.

"We assert, accordingly, without fear of contradiction on the part of any competent judge, that Brother James Smith is a true poet; that he specially excels in depicting and giving expression to pure domestic affection; and that while possessed of satiric powers, which he can call into active exercise, the shafts of his satire are directed against those by whom reproof is deserved."—*Masonic Magazine.*

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

THE MERRY BRIDAL O' FIRTHMAINS.

THE

MERRY BRIDAL O' FIRTHMAINS

AND

OTHER POEMS AND SONGS.

BY

JAMES SMITH.

Second Edition.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.
1866.

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PREFACE.

THE following efforts are, for the most part, children of impulse—verses prompted by the immediate influence of whatever feeling happened to predominate at the time, and having little or no pretension to elaborate study,—that being rendered well-nigh impossible by the exigencies of a life of incessant toil, and by the anxieties that harass, more or less, every man struggling for those dependent on him. The author would not have the reader to infer that he craves his indulgence on this ground, or that he advances it as a plea for mollifying the impartial verdict of criticism. He only mentions it as a fact which it is but fair any one who peruses these pages should know.

It may be stated that many of the pieces in-

cluded in this volume have appeared from time to time in several of the Edinburgh Journals—chiefly in the *Scotsman*,—and have become popular not only here but in America.

J. S.

EDINBURGH, *May* 1866.

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POEMS AND SONGS.

THE MERRY BRIDAL O' FIRTHMAINS.*

First Flycht.

THE GATHERIN' O' THE FOLK AT THE BRIDAL.

Celestial rosy nymphs divine,
Wha brichtly on Parnassus shine,
Descend, ye winsome Titties Nine,
Wi' a' yer thrillin' fire.
An' thou, wi' gowden lyre sae rare,
O' classic gods abune compare—
Apollo, king o' a' the quair,
My fervent muse inspire;

* The scene of this imaginary bridal is a barn on the farmsteading of Firth, a beautiful estate adjoining Woodhouselee, eight miles to the south of Edinburgh, and lying midway between the villages of Roslin and Pennicuik.

While I, a rattlin' scant-o'-grace,
Rehearse in hamely rhyme,
Hoo twa o' Faither Adie's race
Gat buckl'd i' their prime.
Yer gift, then, fu' swift, then,
I humbly noo implore,
That lichtly an' sprichtly
My Pégasus may soar.

The wind blew snell, wi' blust'rin' micht,
Ae cauld an' bitter frosty nicht,
At back-end o' the year.
High owre the braes o' Wuddislee,
Shone radiant Luna's siller e'e—
The starnies shimmer'd clear.
On warlock knowe, an' fairy haugh,
Dark scenes o' gruesome story.
In divots lay the frozen snaw,
While high on ruins hoary,
Fu' lang aye, there rang aye
The houlet's eerie cry;
Sair wonderin', as thunderin',
The Esk ran roarin' by.

Hie to the barn o' auld Firthmains,
Whaur claverin' wives, an' yelpin' weans,
Hae rais'd an unco splore;—
Whaur swankin' birkies, daft wi' glee,
An' hizzies braw—a sicht to see—
Hae met in mony a score;

To wish the bride an' bridegroom weel,
An' pree the waddin' cheer;
An' sing a sang, an' dance a reel
Wi' neibours far an' near.
Wi' yatterin', an' clatterin',
They made an unco din,
As wearily, yet cheerily,
The folk cam' drappin' in.

Lang Geordie Broun frae Cellardyke,
Auld Sandy Messer frae the Pike,
Wee Jock frae Craigentinny;
Tam Johnston frae St Leonard's Hill,
Fat Lowrie frae Dalswinton Mill,
An' Stein frae Auchendinny;
An' snacky Rab, an' pawky Hab,
An' slaverin' Jamie Gow;
An' fechtin' Pate, sae ill to bate,
An' couthy Sandy Low;
An' Swanston, an' Cranstoun,
An' dumpy Jock Dalyell;
An' Hesselrig, frae Restlerigg,
Whase tongue gied like a bell;—

Will Dobson, ane o' the queerest deils,
Cam a' the gate frae Galashiels,
Wi' Stenton, king o' Hawick chiels,
An' Maggy Jack frae Leith;
Blithe Bauldy Gooch, an' Adam Gray,
Frae Gowklymoss an' Harper's Brae;

Droll Danny Sharp, Miss Nanny Rae,
Auld Hornie frae Inchkeith;
Blithe Davie Bertram, Huie Dod,
Pate Hay, Jock Bell, sae canty;
Bricht Watty Kirkwood, Tammy Tod,
Wi' girnin' Meg, his aunty;
Pate Fenwick, Kate Renwick,
An' glowerin' Archie Swan;
Moll Liddle, Poll Riddle,
An' claverin' Jess M'Cann.

Noo faster in frae Reekie's toun,
Come thrangin' mony a canty loon;
The foremost three held ilk the croon
O' story-tellin' craft:
Auld Saunders Smith an' Watty Dunn,
Droll sires o' mony a matchless pun,
Wi' Archy Ritchie, prince o' fun,
Whase whuppers set them daft.
Grim Peeryweery o' the Bog,
Fat Pate, o' portly presence;
Black Joe, wee Benjie, stechin' rogue,
Will Maxwell frae the Pleasance;
An' Tam Craik, a deil's rake
For poachin' hares an' muirfowl;
Wi' Rabbie Scott, an' Babbie Stott,
An' buirdly Archy Fairfowl;—

Will Forbes, lord o' Danderhaugh,
Charley Makscreich frae Wubbleshaw,

Hallickit Meg frae Fisherraw,
An' shauchlin' Cockle Bess;
Cauld-parritch Gibbie frae Inchmachan,
Whase jokes set a' the folk a-lauchin',
Pate o' the Stabs, fair Nanny Strachan,
Shaw Downs frae auld Bo'ness;
Wee Tinderbox frae Gorgie Mains,
As proud's a parish priest
Wi' Mawsey an' her fourteen weans,
Whase skirlin' never ceast;
Jock Panton frae Granton,
Bob Hutcheon frae Kirkcaddy;
Carroty Jean frae Aberdeen,
An' rickety Davie Waddie;—

Frae Glasco' toun, beyond compare
For kindly chields, an' lassies fair,
Cam' Sawny Bayne, an' Jock Adair,
Wi' Bell, his wife, forbye;
Dougal M'Turk frae Inverness—
A blade that fish'd, wi' great success,
For kippert haddies in Loch Ness—
M'Star frae Isle o' Skye;
Syne Johnie Babbie, canty wicht,
Cam' linkin' wi' his spouse,
Wi' droll M'Dander, unco bricht,
Frae fragrant Cairnytows;
Frae Libberton cam' Smibberton,
Wi' sonsy Nancy Dawson;
Frae Pennicuik cam' Jenny Cook,
Wi' gabblin' Johnie Lawson;—

Meg Hutchison, a sweet guidwife,
Frae Spittalmill, owerby in Fife,
Wi' rattlin' Jamie, fu' o' life,
An' winsome Lucy Shaw;
Young Mysie Tod, an' Tibbie Black,
Fair Nelly Swan, an' Kirsty Jack,
Wi' sneevlin' Shusy, Bell M'Clack,
An' slaverin' Miss M'Craw;
Daft Kate Cargill frae Cocklebrose,
Wha scrimpit Geordie's bicker;
Sour Polly wi' the Roman nose,
An' glowerin' Jean M'Vicar;
An' chatty auld Mattie,
The wife o' Geordie More;
Wi' Lizzies, an' Grizzies,
An' hizzies by the score.

Syne in, wi' honest, manly pride,
The bridegroom cam' wi' sturdy stride;
Nae chield in a' the kintra-side
Mair lookit like his crowdie:
Frae Land's End, on to Wuddislee
(A denty spang, 'tween you an' me,)
A brawer blade ye wadna see
Than strappin' Geordie Gowdie.
Nae dwarf was he—nae skranky loon
Nor shilpit sma' abortion,
But sax feet three without his shoon,
An' buirdly in proportion
Was Geordie: my wordie,

His match was hard to fin';
For callant mair gallant
Ne'er cam' o' Scottish kin.

[His minnie, in her hafflin days,
Had met his faither's ardent gaze,
When at the burnie strampin' claes,
Wi' coaties toshly kiltit:
Tam Gowdie, struck by Cupid's dart,
Dumfoundert, reel'd beneath the smart,
The stound gied duntin' thro' his heart,
An' unco sair he felt it.
Her image fann'd the ragin' flame,
She look'd sae plump an' rosy,
Till daft he took the lassie hame
To cuddle in his bosie:
Weel tether'd, weel gether'd,
They 'gree'd like yowe an' lamb,
Wi' meal-cogs an' kail-cogs
For stumpies when they cam'.

Nine months flew by, wi' blessin's rife,
When Death, aye greedy for a life,
Struck doun his bonnie winsome wife,
The nicht her wean was born.
For lang the chield did nocht but rave,
An' greet for days at Nelly's grave,
Till, borne at last owre sorrow's wave,
He sang ance mair at morn;
An' liv'd to see, wi' muckle care,

A son that gied him pride;
Wha laid him doun, wi' fervent prayer,
At last by Nelly's side;—
Wha wrocht sair, an' focht sair,
For a' the mercies sent him;
Aye merry—aye cheery,
An' lik'd by a' that kent him.]

His coat an' breeks, o' stylish pattern,
Were made by modern Greeks — (nae flatterin'!)—
His waiskit flam'd like fiery Saturn,
Or Cairnytows canary;
Around his neck a denty tie
O' flashy sky-blue-scarlet dye,
That frichtit baith the horse an' kye,
An' turn'd them clean camstairy.
His breist was deck'd wi' favours nine,
Steek'd by the bride's ain hand;
His shoon were brush'd to mak' them shine,
An' 'od he lookit grand.
Advancin', his glancin'
Blue e'e shone like a starn,
As tichtly, an' sprichtly
He stappit yont the barn.

Licht on his arm cam' Teeny Lang,
Best maid; syne canty Watty Strang,
Best man, led in the Bride—my sang,

But *she* was worth the seein' !
A bonnier jo than Jenny Gray,
Ye wadna seen for mony a day,
Wi' a' her falderals sae gay,
An' rory ribbons fleein'.
Her locks were o' the glossiest jet,
Her glances were devourin';
Her rosy cheeks were burnin' het,
For ilka chield was glowerin';
Ne'er tirin' admirin',
Wi' sair beglaumert een,
Amaz'd aye, they gaz'd aye,
She look'd sae like a queen.

Syne joggit canny i' the rear,
Her faither an' her mither dear;
A well-kent cocky, far an' near,
Was Bauldy Gray the miller:
A better carl, I'll tak' my aith,
Than honest Bauldy, ne'er drew breath;
He'd thriven in auld Da'keith, for feth
He'd sav'd a pickle siller.
But Peggy seem'd in dowie case,
At sic a merry meetin';
For aye she keek'd in Jenny's face,
An' aye she fell a-greetin' !
Ilk wae look—ilk blae look
Micht meltit heart o' airn:
Nae wonder; what stunn'd her,
She was an only bairn !

Last cam', wi' stately, reverend air,
That sonsy shepherd, Duncan Blair,
Whase heart for poortith's lot sae sair,
  Held aye a canny place;—
Wha thocht nae sin to crack a joke,
An' sing a sang like ither folk:
Weel was he lo'ed by a' his flock—
  Fair fa' his guid auld face!
Nae wily carle was he to smear
  The rich wi' praise on Sunday;
Syne ca' the puir his brethren dear,
  But jink them on the Monday!
Ah blamefu'—ah shamefu',
  Yon vile discrimination,
That breeds aye the taid's e'e
  In mony a congregation!

In sooth it was a cheery sicht
To see on sic a wintry nicht,—
Ilk form sae braw, ilk e'e sae bricht,
  While blithe wagg'd ilka tongue,
Regardless o' the bitter blast
That roar'd, an' howl'd, an' whistl'd past;
While frae the rafters, hard an' fast,
  The icy tangles hung.
Aroun' the wa's, sae cauld an' bare,
  Dark evergreens were twinin';
An' frae the cruisies, here an' there,
  A bleeze o' licht was shinin',—
Noo sparklin'—noo darklin',
  As whyles in wrathfu' scorn

Rampagin'—wild ragin',
Bauld Boreas blew his horn!

Haith, neibour birkies, I did ettle
To try my beastie's farther mettle;
But od he 's unco dour to settle,
An' dizzy i' the croon:
His wame it's toom—his speerit's sunk—
He 's taen the gee—I 'm clean begunk—
Haud still, ye deevil; dinna funk!
But set me canny doon.
An' when a cosy nap I 've ta'en,
An' a' thy wrangs made richt,
Wi' joy I 'll seize thy bridle-rein,
An' tak' my Second Flycht,
Fu' cantily—fu' jauntily,
In spite o' wind an' weather,
Richt merrily—richt cheerily,
We 'll soar on high thegither.

Second Flycht.

THE FAMOUS BRIDAL.

GEE HUP! my spunky beast, ance mair,
While I in rattlin' rhyme declare
Hoo Geordie an' his bride sae fair,

In a' their youthfu' pride,
Receiv'd a peppery exhortation,
That maist brocht on the palpitation;
Till, joinin' hands, wi' sweet sensation,
The bridal-knot was tied.
Syne owre the rosy nuptial bands,
Auld Mess John gied his blessin';
Then sic a grip o' horny hands,
An' sic an unco kissin'!
Sic rivin'! sic drivin'
Around her, fore an' aft!
Sic huggin'! sic ruggin'
Frae beardies rough an' saft!

Then helter-skelter flew ilk wicht,
Wi' lassie by his side fu' bricht,
To rest their banes whaur best they micht,
On stules an' hard fir dales;
An' some gat heezy chairs—nae boon,
For fient the haet o' them were soun'—
While ithers clank'd their hurdies doun
On whomilt tubs an' pails.
Then sune on tables broad an' lang,
Braw dishes rich an' rare
Were thrang set doun; an' by my sang,
Sic fumes gied through the air!—
Sic flavour—sic savour,
Whene'er the nose did scent it,
Teeth chatter'd—mouths water'd,
An' five auld grannies fentit!

A haggis prime to cheer their hearts,
Beef, mutton, dumplins, pies, an' tarts,
Wi' mony a tasty fry;
Jouks, bubblyjocks, an' grumphies roastit,
Prime tattie-puddins brawly toastit,
Hotch-potch, an' flukes forbye;
Pea-soup, tripe, partans, nowt-feet jeel,
Stew'd rabbits, cockyleekie,
Wi' rizzart haddies butter'd weel,
To spout in ilka cheek aye;
Boilt buckies, roast chuckies,
In dizzens frae the cavie;
A' steamin', an' swimmin'
In seas o' glorious gravy!

Wi' greedy e'e no ill to trace,
Ilk chield put on his Sunday's face,
As Johnie Babbie said the grace,
Nae denty mile in length;
Then swift as lichtnin's rapid flash,
The plates, an' knives, an' forks play'd clash,
As auld an' young, wi' hearty dash,
Begoud to try their strength.
An' weel, I trow, they did their best
To honour Geordie's bridal;
For twa lang hours, without a rest,
My sang they werena idle.
Sic munchin'—sic runchin'—
Sic slaver, an' sic chatter:
Sic stechin'—sic pechin'—
Sic claver, an' sic clatter.

Loud cries some gormandizin' chiel,
"Come, wha 's for mutton, beef, or veal—
Cod, sheep-heid kail, or guid coo-heel?
Hand owre yer plate, my dawtie!
I ken for a' yer dooncast e'e,
Ye like yer meat as weel as me!
Here 's pigeon-pie ye weel micht pree:
It 's famous wi' a tattie!"
The lassie 's in a bashfu' plicht,
Tho' a' her teeth they water;
She fain wad gie the pie a fricht,
But aye they 're lookin' at her!
While fearless, tho' cheerless,
Keen hunger speaks its mind;
She simpers, an' whimpers,
"I 'm no the least inclined."

Here, foremost at the festive board,
The Bridegroom sits like ony lord,
Wi' kindly, blithe, an' cheery word
For a' on ilka side;
While there, in a' her maiden grace,
Braw busk'd in muslin, silk, an' lace,
Wi' blushes on her sonsy face,
Appears his bonnie Bride.
The best man carves, wi' mirthfu' glee,
A denty roastit chuckie,
Syne keekin' pawky in her e'e,
Says, "Hae, my darlin' duckie!
Eat hearty! my certy,

If no, yersel 's to blame :
Ye 've guid richt, this guid nicht,
To mak' yersel' at hame!"

Wi' shy, reserv'd, an' dowie air,
A comely lassie 's sittin' there—
Puir Phemie Bell, sae young an' fair,
Aye thinkin' on her dearie,
A sailor chield, far owre the sea;
An' tears are getherin' in her e'e,
As thocht says, "Whaur 'll Jamie be,
An' a' aroun' sae cheery!"
Her heart 's owre fu'—she canna speak—
A smile she fain maun borrow :
She dichts the traitor frae her cheek,
Syne lauchs to hide her scrrow!
Ah vainly! for plainly
The tears aye tricklin' fa',
As heart fills, when heart thrills
For him that 's far awa!

But hence wi' dule this waddin' nicht:
While a' the lave are blithe an' bricht,
Clear aff the board wi' a' yer micht :
Fye haste ye, young an' auld!
Bring yont wi' pith ilk cog an' cappie;
The whisky bring, an' yill sae nappy;
An' let us hae a rousin' drappie,
To keep awa the cauld.

The yow-milk kebbucks bring, wi' cakes,
An' scones o' barley-meal;
An' mind the cookies, snaps, an' bakes,
That young folk like sae weel.
Time 's fleein'—nicht 's deein'—
Bang up, ye claverin' wives!
An' speed ye, an' redd ye,
For *yae* nicht i' yer lives!

Fu' sune the hamely cheer 's brocht in,
The rafters ring wi' roarin' din,
When Watty coughs, an' rubs his chin,
Syne yellochs far an' wide:—
"Rise, cockybendies! gabblin' luckies!
Rise, swankies gay, wi' a' yer duckies!
For here 's a toast, ye canty buckies—
The Bridegroom an' the Bride!
Here 's may they lang be hale an' weel—
Ne'er fash'd wi' corny pains;
God send them rowth o' milk an' meal,
Braw luck an' sonsy weans!
Noo join me—for min' me,
Blythe honours they maun hae:
Yince, twice, then; an' thrice, then—
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hooray!"

The cheer gangs rendin' through the cluds,
An' minglin' wi' the norland thuds,
Re-echoes through the dreary wuds:

The cannons loudly fire:
Contagion spreads wi' ilka brout—
The Bull rins wild amang the nowte,
An' funkin' daft wi' merry rowt,
Looks wistfu' at the byre.
The Crummie bellochs back, an' fain
Wad break her tether strang;
Auld Bassy hears the deaf'nin' strain,
An' nichers loud an' lang.
Brave Collie, richt jolly,
Keeps barkin' like the deil;
While sumphy dour grumphy
Gies aye the ither squeel!

The bagpipes blaw a loud amen—
The pibroch sounds owre hill an' plain;
While Joy, wi' Gladness in her train,
Daurs Grief to gie a whine:—
"Hence, gloomy sister, frae my sicht!
There 's nae place for ye here the nicht:
Gae wa', gae wa', ye doyie fricht—
This nicht o' nichts is mine!
Avaunt ilk thocht that brings a tear,
An' pits my sway in danger;
Be blithe, ye mortals, while I 'm here—
Think muckle o' a stranger!"
Sweet smilin'—beguilin',
She waves her wand around,
Victorious—uproarious
Her silver horns resound!

Noo fain the sangsters try their skill
At "Tarry Woo," an' "Muirland Will,"
The sonsy "Lass o' Patie's Mill,"
"Lord Gregory," "Gee wo, Neddy;"
"The Gaberlunzie," "Johnie Fa',"
"Nid Noddin," "Up an' waur them a',"
"Whase at the Wundie—wha, wha,"
"The Deuks dang owre my Deddy;"
Young Annie chants, wi' nameless grace,
"The Waukin' o' the Fauld;"
An' Watty gies a bonnie bass,
If 'twerena for the cauld:
His yowlin'—his howlin'
Gar folk rin to the door;
Nae wonder, sic thunder
Was never heard before!

Noo "Bess the Gawky," "Bonnie May,'
"Jenny Nettles," "Jeanie Gray,"
"Corn Rigs," an' "Clean Pease Strae,'
Wi' joy cheer up the folk:
An' faster birr, wi' heartsome life,
"Maggie Lauder," "Roy's Wife,"
"Logan Braes," "East Neuk o' Fife,
"Hie, Jenny, come doun to Jock;
"Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen,"
"Aye waukin' O,"
"Blythe was she but an' ben,"
"John Anderson my jo;"
Syne "Robin Gray," sae sad an' wae,

Maks gladness fauld her wing;
While "Shirramuir," an' "Glasco' Fair,"
Gar a' the biggin' ring.

Wee Benjie, stridelins owre a keg,
Struck up "The Hen wi' the Happity Leg,"
While blithely lilted gaucy Meg,
"Come rise an' let me in, jo;"
Tam Cockiebendie, fu' o' glee,
Sat aff "The Piper o' Dundee,"
Fat Pate begoud, wi' reelin' e'e,
"The Laird o' Tullyben, jo;"
Across the chair he cuist his legs,
To gie the auld mare's gallop:
The chair cam' tumblin' doun', an' fegs
He heels-owre-heid play'd wallop
On Grizzie, sour hizzie,
Wha skreech'd wi' pain an' passion;
An' yelloch'd, an' belloch'd,
Like roarin' Bull o' Bashan!

Noo loudly swell'd, wi' cheery soun',
"Ye banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon,"
When Watty, daiz'd, said, lookin' roun',
"We're a' as fou as puggies!"
Syne Jamie Gould, an Embro' chiel',
Grew fidgin' fain at ilka heel—
"Up wi' a dance!—a reel!—a reel!
A reel, *ye ruggy-duggies!*"

Pate Bayley, king o' a' his craft,
Begoud to draw the bow;
An' sune the couples, loupin' daft,
Were aff like bleezin' tow.
They linkit—they blinkit,
Richt am'rously an' lang:
They ruggit—they tuggit,
They jumpit, an' they flang.

Up sprang the Bridegroom to his feet—
"Come set to me, my ducky sweet!"
An' Jenny, in a glow o' heat,
Gied through the reel wi' Geordie:
He bobbit up, he bobbit doun—
He pranc'd like ony braw dragoon—
He whirl'd the lassie roun' an' roun',
Like ony duke-ma-lordie:
Ned kiss'd a gawky on the cheek,
Wha nipp'd like ony labster;
Syne Patie gart his fiddle squeak,
"The deil's gane owre Jock Wabster!"
Sic stampin'—sic rampin'—
Sic friskin' on the floor—
Sic shufflin'—sic scufflin',
Was never seen before!

"Come, kilt yer coats, my wallygowdie!
My honey-doo! my auld howtowdie!"
Cried Rory to a canker'd howdie,

A wife micht been his mither.
He whisk'd the carline frae her chair,
An' gript her roun' the waist sae spare:
She skreech'd, an' tore at Rory's hair,
Till owre they row'd thegither.
Her bonnie mutch she thocht sae trig,
To spite baith auld an' young,
Flew aff in comp'ny wi' a wig—
[Whisht, Jamie! haud yer tongue!]
Distrackit—heart-wrackit—
Wi' rage an' shame dementit,
She struggl'd, an' guggl'd,
Syne gied a groan, an' fentit!

Swift flew the time wi' jig, strathspey,
And foursome reel, till break o' day:
The frosty mornin', cauld an' gray,
Proclaim'd they noo maun sunder:
Fain, yin an' a', wi' sic a booze,
To lay them doun, an' tak' a snooze,
We' een like collops, thrabbin' broos,
An' sair heids by the hunder.
Yince mair the drap they a' did pree,
Wi' wauchts o' caller Crawley;
Syne Patie windit up the spree
Wi' "Babbity Bowster Brawley."
Then joinin', an' twinin'
Ilk hand in bonds divine,
Enchantit, they rantit
"The Days o' Auld Lang Syne!"

The partin' sang was at its hicht,
When Jenny slippit oot o' sicht;
Syne Geordie aff wi' a' his micht
Owerby, an' sneck'd the door.
The callants flew through thick an' thin,
An' yell'd an' mell'd wi' lounderin' din;
But fient-the-haet could they get in,
For a' their deavin' roar.
Fu' snug they left the twa alane
To hae a pleasant nappy;
Sae noo they 're bound in wedlock's chain,
Contentit, proud, an' happy.
They 're weddit—they 're beddit—
The warld may sink or swim:
De miss them—God bless them
Wi' mony a rosy dream!

WEE JOUKYDAIDLES.*

Wee Joukydaidles,
Toddlin' out an' in:
Oh but she 's a cuttie,
Makin' sic a din!
Aye sae fou' o' mischief,
An' minds na what I say:
My very heart gangs lowp, lowp,
Fifty times a-day!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Where 's the stumpie noo?
She 's tumlin' i' the cruivie,
An' lauchin' to the soo!
Noo she sees my angry e'e,
An' aff she 's like a hare!
Lassie, when I get ye,
I 'll scud ye till I 'm sair!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Noo she 's breakin' dishes—
Noo she 's soakit i' the burn,
Catchin' little fishes—

* Music by R. S. Riddell.

Noo she 's i' the barn-yard,
  Playin' wi' the fouls;
Feedin' them wi' butter-bakes,
  Snaps, an' sugar-bools.

Wee Joukydaidles—
  Oh my heart it 's broke!
She 's torn my braw new wincey,
  To mak' a dolly's frock—
There 's the goblet owre the fire!
  The jaud! she weel may rin!
No a tattie ready yet,
  An' faither comin' in!

Wee Joukydaidles—
  Wha 's sae tried as me!
See! the kettle 's doun at last!
  Waes me for my tea!
Oh its angersome, atweel,
  An' sune 'll mak' me gray:
My very heart gangs lowp, lowp,
  Fifty times a-day!

Wee Joukydaidles—
  Where 's the smoukie noo?
She 's hidin' i' the coal-hole,
  Cryin' "Keekybo!"—
Noo she 's at the fireside,
  Pu'in' pussy's tail—

Noo she 's at the broun bowl,
Suppin' a' the kail!

Wee Joukydaidles,
Paidlin' i' the shower—
There she 's at the wundy!
Haud her, or she 's owre!
Noo she 's slippit frae my sicht:
Where 's the wean at last?
In the byre amang the kye,
Sleepin' soun' an' fast!

Wee Joukydaidles—
For a' ye gie me pain,
Ye 're aye my darlin' tottie yet—
My ain wee wean!
An' gin I 'm spared to ither days—
Oh may they come to pass!—
I 'll see my bonnie bairnie
A braw, braw lass!

CLAP, CLAP, HANDIES.*

CLAP, clap, handies!
  Clap hands again:
Mammy's sonsy tot-tot,
  Mammy's bonnie wean!
I'll buy ye a fishie,
In a little dishie:
Clap, clap, handies,
  My wee wean!

Clap, clap, handies!
  Deddy 's comin' ben,
Wi' siller bells, an' coral shells,
  Three score an' ten;
A' to gie his laddie—
His bonnie wee bit laddie—
Clap, clap, handies,
  Deddy 's comin' ben!

Clap, clap, handies!
  Craw, cocky, craw,
Blithely to my wee bird,
  Cockyleerielaw!

* Music by F. W. Bridgman.

Craw awa sae cheery
To mammy's bonnie dearie—
Clap, clap, handies!
  Cockyleerielaw!

Clap, clap, handies,
  My muckle man:
I 'll buy ye a coachy
  To ride thro' a' the lan'!
Wi' a mappie, an' a puggie,
An' a bonnie barkin' duggie:
Clap, clap, handies,
  My muckle man!

Clap, clap, handies!
  Kissy mammy noo!
Eh! where 's my sugar-ploom!
  Eh! where 's my doo!
Cuddle in, my trootie—
Mammy's tootie-lootie!
Clap, clap, handies!
  Kissy mammy noo!

Clap, clap, handies!
  Lammie dear to me!
May ye never grieve my heart,
  Or dim yer deddy's e'e!
Lauch awa, my petty—
Mammy's pretty-pretty—
Clap, clap, handies!
  Lammie dear to me!

BURD AILIE.*

BURD AILIE sat doun by the wimplin' burn,
Wi' the red, red rose in her hair;
An' bricht was the glance o' her bonnie black e'e,
As her heart throbb'd fast an' sair.
An' aye as she look'd on ilk clear wee wave,
She murmur'd her true luve's name,
An' sigh'd when she thocht on the distant sea,
An' the ship sae far frae hame!

The robin flew hie owre the gowden broom,
An' he warbl'd fu' cheerilie.
"Oh tell me—oh tell me, thou bonnie wee bird,
Will I ever my true luve see?"
Then saftly an' sweetly the robin sang—
"Puir Ailie! I'm laith to tell;
For the ship 's i' the howe o' a roarin' wave,
An' thy luve 's i' the merlin's cell!"

"Oh tell me—oh tell me, thou bonnie wee bird,
Did he mind on the nicht langsyne,

* 1st music by the late Dr John Gray, composer of the "Good Rhein wine." 2d music by C. H. Morine.

When we plichted our troth by the trystin' tree?
  Was his heart aye true to mine?"
"Oh fond an' true," the sweet robin sang,
  "But the merlin he noo maun wed;
For the sea-weed's twin'd in his yellow hair,
  An' the coral's his bridal bed!"

Burd Ailie lay low by the wimplin' burn,
  Wi' the red, red rose in her hair;
But gane was the glance o' her bonnie black e'e,
  An' the robin sang nae mair.
For an angel cam' doun at the fa' o' the nicht,
  As she murmur'd her true luve's name,
An' took her awa frae a broken heart,
  An' the ship that wad ne'er come hame!

ODE TO A LITTLE CHILD.

Lovely little laughing child!
Blooming like a flow'ret wild!
Ever prattling—ever smiling—
Fond the sunny hours beguiling;
Poring o'er thy tiny treasures,
Source of all thy guileless pleasures;
Shrill resounds thy jocund glee,
Sweet emblem of simplicity!
Artful, yet unknown to art—
Core of thy fond mother's heart!
Sunbeam of thy father's dwelling,
Oft thy starry glance dispelling
From his clouded brow of sorrow
Many a thought of stern to-morrow.
Merry little elfin creature,
Beautiful in form and feature;
Full of grace thy airy tread
O'er the daisy-spangled mead—
Floating o'er the breezy hills,
Sylvan groves, and gushing rills,
While the dew-besprinkled ground
Wafts its fragrance all around.

Fond the lilies thou dost gather
For thy tender, doting father,
While thy rosy cheeks outvie
The ruddiest cloudlet in the sky.
Soft the zephyr's wings unfold
Thy silken locks of gleaming gold,
Flowing, in thy summer gladness,
O'er the breast that knows no sadness!
Pouting lips of ruby brightness—
Pearly gems of snowy whiteness—
Sparkling azure eyes, revealing
All thy bosom's tender feeling.
Flower of England's fairest daughters,
Sweet as music o'er the waters
Clear thy silvery notes are ringing,
While the birds are gaily singing
From each waving, leafy tree,
Joyous songs to welcome thee

A LIFE-SCREED AT RANDOM.

[IN AN EPISTOLARY RHYME TO AN AULD FREEN.]

DEAR GEORDIE,—
I 've ta'en up my quill,
While wife and weans are lyin' still,
To say a wee bit wordie.
There 's nocht but Dickie plagues my muse,
Wi' skirl eneuch to deave the house,
My sweet canary birdie;
For Phœbus rises owre the hills,
Wi' brichtness in his e'e;
An' aye the thrabbin' breistie thrills,
His sonsy face to see.
Baith loudly, an' proudly,
Blithe cockieleerie 's crawin';
Thrang tellin' ilk dwellin'
Anither mornin's dawin';—

Anither bonnie simmer day,
To cheer puir bodies on their way,
Alang life's weary plain—
To mak' the heavy heart ance mair
Forget its sorrow an' its care,
An' licht a wee its pain.

An' noo I humbly look abune,
An' breathe the earnest prayer,
That He, whase watchfu' e'e looks doun
Alike on rich an' puir,
May feed weel, an' cleed weel,
Affection's ties divine;
An' grant, aye, nae want, aye,
To this sweet hame o' mine.

I whyles tak' mony an unco thocht
Owre a' the changes time has wrocht
Sin' first I was a bairn;—
When sittin' by the chimla-lug,
A shilpit wee auld-farrant dowg,
But dull an' dreich to learn;
Till Willie Craig's lang-nebbit tawse
Cam' owre me pipin' het,
An' brocht me finely out the thraws—
I feel his pawmies yet.
Sic bare yerks—sic sair yerks
Got I, that soon fu' swift
I battled through, an' rattled through
The Tipp'ny Book like drift!

When fear'd for lessons mony a nicht,
My faither saw my unco plicht,
An' sune made a'thing plain.
Through Lennie's dolefu' grammar drear,
He kindly showed me hoo to steer,
An' hoo to haud the pen.

In geography an' history,
He cheer'd my sad condition;
An' clear'd up a' the mystery
O' short an' lang division;
But wonnert aye what scunnert me
At savoury Shorter Carritch,
That vext me, perplext me,
An' put me past my parritch!

The auldest 's whyles the hopefu' bird,
An' my dear mither—kindly word—
Was aften heard to say,
Wi' a' a guid fond mither's pride,
She trowed the laddie at her side
Wad live to see the day.
An' ae auld granny up the toun
Declared, ae Christmas morn,
I'd either help to mak' a spoon
Or aiblins spoil a horn!——
Ah, gladd'nin'—yet sadd'nin',
The thochts o' sweet lang syne!—
The cheery days—the merry days,
Wi' lovin' freens o' mine!

Wi' billies bauld, an' titties shy,
The time flew helter-skelter by,
Nae thocht hoo fast it sped:
A barefit birkie fond o' play,
I ca'd my girr frae break o' day,
An' blithe the life I led.

Whyles herryin' nests, an' fechtin' cocks—
Whyles bickerin' cats wi' chuckies—
Whyles doun at Leith upo' the rocks,
'Mang mussels, crabs, an' buckies!
Thrang stridin', an' widin',
Wi' breeks abune the knee,
Till nicht cam', when fricht cam';
Syne glad was I to flee.

Whyles dosin' tap, or playin' ba'—
Whyles lowpin' mony a garden-wa',
For apples, ploums, an' pears;—
Whyles fleein' high, wi' pridefu' skill,
My bawbee dragon on the Hill,
Mid gentry's gibes an' jeers;—
Whyles sprauchlin' through the Hunter's Bog
For puddock, taid, or mennin,
Till Peeryweery an' his dowg
Sune set me fast a-rinnin'!—
Whyles ramblin', an' scramblin'
Owre hedges, 'spite the laws,
Wi' bare feet, an' sair feet,
For brummels, hyps, an' haws.

Ah! gowden days o' youthfu' prime,
When a' my only thocht o' time
Was hoo to mak' it flee.
An' blithe it flew on sunny wing
Wi' paips, an' bools, an' jingo-ring,
An' "Through the needle-e'e!"

An' oh the slides that I hae seen
On auld Lochend sae glorious!
An' oh the sangs at New Year's E'en,
Wi' Guysers' cheery chorus;
When tichtly, an' sprichtly,
We jumpit mony a stair,
An' chantit, an' rantit,
While Grannies tore their hair!——

But ah! where 's noo yon sturdy band,
The terror o' Auld Reekie's land,
That made the Cowlies* flee?—

* The *Cowlies* was a term of contempt, applied, in bygone days, to the juvenile bands of the Southern Districts of Edinburgh by the sprightly barefoot *Gutterbluids*, or denizens of the High Street, Canongate, and Abbeyhill, who invariably taunted their adversaries with being *Hens*, or *Cowlies*, in the numerous *bickers* that then took place. These bickers commonly occurred in the long summer evenings, at the gloaming: the scene of the encounters was generally the King's Park, and Salisbury Crags; —the former being occupied, in battle array, by the *Gutterbluids*, led by some youth of higher stature than the rest, who was further distinguished from his compatriots by a cocked hat and sash, generally armed with a stout cudgel, and his countenance smeared all over with yellow ochre or black paint; while the latter was held by the "Southside Cowlies," their antagonists, whose leader was equipped and armed in similar fashion. The hostile armies were generally supplied in abundance with stones, brickbats, and other missiles, which, at the word of command, were hurled at each other with sometimes a too unfortunate precision. When the *mêlée* was at its height, some kind friend usually communicated the intelligence to the police authorities, who rushed to the scene, amid derisive howls and hooting. Instantly the cry, "Hallah! Hallah! Hallah!" resounded on both sides. This was the signal for an immediate

Wha cleared the Craigs wi' micht an' main
In ilka hand a thumpin' stane,
An' rage in ilka e'e?—
An' where 's the chields that lik'd sae fine
To hae a press-gang row,
As blithe they linkit down Leith Wyn',
Awa to Rory's show;*

junction of the contending factions, who received the mutual foe with a shower of stones. Then the great majority of the spectators swelled the ranks of the bickerers, and the guardians of the peace were compelled to retreat; for in those palmy days the mob was something, but policemen were nowhere. It may be added that the bickers here spoken of are but of yesterday in comparison with those of an earlier period, when fire-arms were actually used, and sometimes with deadly effect. They were but a feeble reflex of the sturdier juvenile battles of a bygone age, though, as already hinted, many severe blows were given and received, as I have special good cause to remember; for while doing duty on one occasion with the *Gutterbluids*, I was taken prisoner by the *Cowlies*, carried shoulder-high, in savage triumph, to Granny's Green, a stagnant marsh at the Dumbiedykes (then used as a bleaching-ground, and now occupied by a Washing-House), and, after brief consultation, and without benefit of clergy, was violently beaten with a cudgel, and thereafter mercilessly ducked in "Maggie's Hole," an adjoining little brawling stream, which has long since vanished for evermore.

* This booth, which was exceedingly popular among the working classes of Edinburgh, was situated in the Old Physic Gardens, on the site now occupied by the North British Railway Station. Rory was a famous Merry-Andrew, who played his antics on the outside platform for the purpose of inducing visitors to the inside, aided by the inspiring sounds of a drum, clarionet, and Pan-pipes; and the exertions of the inimitable Rory were generally well rewarded.

A' routin', an' shoutin'
Roun' mony a luckless wicht—
Stravaguin', an' plaguin'
Douce, canny folk at nicht?

Ah! mony a buirdly blade sin' syne,
Whase hand was aften lock'd in mine,
Lies cauld beneath the ocean!
An' still 's the fearless heart an' brave,
An' green 's the sod that haps the grave
O' mony a Cannygoshan!*
Far owre yon wild an' roarin' main,
Where frowns the Crimean shore,
On Balaklava's battle-plain,
They welter'd in their gore.
O sairly, an' dearly
The Russian foe could tell,
Richt gravely, hoo bravely
An' gallantly they fell!——

At length, 'mid mony hopes an' fears,
Ticht bund was I for seven lang years,†

* *Cannygoshan*—an old familiar term, applied to residenters in the Canongate of Edinburgh.

† In a small printing-office, situated in one of the principal thoroughfares of Edinburgh, I became a devil, and served the long term of apprenticeship with anything but happiness or comfort. The master was an object of terror, and the wages were by no means magnificent. The principal employment consisted in the printing of works translated from the Classics, Law Reports, and ambrosial Gaelic. I have a vivid recollection of the old composing-room, with its dark, begrimed windows, and its

An' dently I fared,
Wi' glorious wages ilka week
For deftly nicklin Latin, Greek,
An' Gaelic by the yard!

walls blackened with the smoke of generations. I see, even now, the ancients of the craft (arrayed in habiliments whose venerable grandeur set all fashion at defiance), poring distractedly over barely-decipherable Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and seeking consolation, occasionally, in a public-house that stood invitingly open in the neighbourhood. I can yet hear the monotonous *click, click, click* of the types, and the snappish growls of the master over some confident, fiery-faced apprentice, who has given further evidence of decided ability by the perpetration of another typographical atrocity. A doleful first-proof of a catalogue is held close to his eyes, and he is asked if he *sees* anything. He says, "Yes, he sees something." He is next asked "what he *thinks* of it?" He blandly replies, "Nothing." A shout, a rush, and a struggle, and master and boy are rolling on the floor in mortal combat. No one interferes. At last the master rises, radiant with triumph, for the delinquent has had the worst of it; and the precocious youth prepares to substitute *Lee's Chemical Diagrams* for *Lee's Chemical Dragoons*, under a hazy impression that he is quite right notwithstanding, but boys are always taken advantage of! These battles-royal were of frequent occurrence, for the temper of the master was violent in the extreme, and, though a kind-hearted man in many respects, the least contradiction was nevertheless certain of receiving a summary retaliation.

No early closing hour, or Saturday half-holiday, gladdened the down-trodden hearts of young or old in that dismal shade of darkness. Men and boys hovered about like spectres on the long Saturday evenings, intensely meditating on the wages that seemed never to come; and fearful that their miserable earnings might be rendered still more miserable by the incomprehensible discovery that they had been overcharging. Then, at the eventful hour, the money was doled out, and a rush was made to the

An' whyles a murder for a change,
To ease my groans an' sighs;
Wi' noo an' then a breezy range
'Mang Hebrew hooks-an'-eyes!
Sic dreich wark—sic skreich wark,
For lang I tholed an' fendit,
Till merrily, an' cheerily,
I cried, "Thank God! it's endit!"

But scarce had Freedom's sweets been mine,
Than Poortith's sun begoud to shine
In grander hues than ever;
For ae nicht doun at Niddry Lea,
I met a lassie fair to see,—
A bonnie quean, an' clever.
Haith, mony a tryst I've seen us hae,
An' mony a hinnied blether;
An' mony a walk by burn an' brae,
For hours an' hours thegither;

street,—the apprentices, to join in the Babel of Confusion that everywhere prevailed outside, their voices joyously intermingling with "Shoe-ties! Shoe-ties!" "Here's yer fine Lucifer matches, only a bawbee the box!" "Ripe berries, the big pint a ha'p'ny —the big pint a ha'p'ny—sell them off!" "Wulks an'buckies!" "Curds an' whey!" "Here's yer fine peeryories, come awa!" —all blending vociferously with the yells of carters and omnibus-drivers, accompanied by organs, violins, bagpipes, ballad-singers, and street-preachers;—and the journeymen, to express their disgust and discharge their mental sky-rockets at Somebody over whisky and strong ale till morning, in the respectable shop of a godly, orthodox elder, who conjoined with his lucrative profession of a publican, that of a pharisee of the first water.

Far roamin', till gloamin',
When Luna's radiant e'e
Shone lichtly, an' brichtly
Owre bonnie Wuddislee.

Syne cam' the cares o' married life
To young gudeman, an' young gudewife,
An' syne cam' totties wee;
But ah! amid my happiest hours,
The blicht cam' owre three bonnie flowers,
An' sorrow dimm'd my e'e.
The blossoms o' my fond regard,
That filled me aye wi' pride,
Low doun yon lanesome, eerie yird,
Lie sleepin' side by side!
The lang grass waves owre ilk wee heid,
That aft hung owre my chair;
An' sad 's the thocht that noo they 're deid,
To cheer my heart nae mair!

Sae whyles, to help awa the time,
I struck my lyre, an' clinkit rhyme—
(Sweet ease to him that 's sorry)—
An' aft, in Reekie's crowded ha's,
I won the glories o' applause
Wi' mony a sang an' story.
Wi' canty stride, an' blithesome face,
'Mang birkies, wives, an' weans,
I 've lilted to the matchless grace
O' Lawrie's royal strains,

Victorious.—Ah! glorious
Yon deaf'nin' thunder roar
O' gladness, when sadness
Gied slinkin' to the door!

But though this warld nae mortal spares
Frae pains an' sorrows, griefs an' cares,
An' unco sair vexations;
Yet, as the blink ahint the shower
Proclaims anither sunny hour,
Life has its consolations.
Braw Leddy Fortune, dreich an' dour,
An' unco sweert to sowther
Wi' him that chances to be puir,
Will whyles keek owre her shouther,
Fu' shyly—fu' slyly—
Snell caprice in her e'e;
To please him, yet tease him,
Wi' joys she 's laith to gie.

Fain wad I pree her mou' sae sweet,
Yet Lord forfend I'd wheenge an' greet,
While health an' strength are mine.
As lang 's I 've pith, I 'll aye be hearty:
Nae cringin' dowg am I, my certy,
To wheedle, fawn, an' whine.
An' when, at times, athwart Life's sky,
Dark clouds foreshadow ill,
I 'll jouk until the jaw gangs bye,
Syne fearless face the hill!——

Adieu, Dod; an' noo, Dod,
Frae ilka morn till e'en,
Sincerely, an' dearly,
Believe me aye yer freen.

THOU 'RT LYIN' I' THE LANELY YIRD.

THE mornin' daws wi' gowden ray—
I carena for its licht:
The lee-lang day drags weary by,
An' cheerless fa's the nicht;—
Oh cheerless fa's the dowie nicht,
For a' the stars that shine,
Sin' thou art i' the lanely yird,
Thou bonnie wife o' mine!

The bairns sit cowerin' roun' the fire,
Sae feckless, an' sae sma';
An' carefu' looks ilk puir wee face
Sin' thou wert ta'en awa!
An' aft they name, wi' mournfu' tone,
The name that ance was thine;
For oh! thou 'rt i' the lanely yird,
Thou bonnie wife o' mine!

Thy rosy cheek nae mair will bloom—
Thy sparklin' hazel e'e
That made this heart wi' rapture thrill,
Will licht nae mair on me!

An' cauld 's the lips I aft hae kiss'd
In joyfu', sweet langsyne,
Noo lyin' i' the lanely yird,
Thou bonnie wife o' mine!

But saft thy spirit whispers "Peace!
An' dinna grieve sae sair:
My hame 's where endless glory dwells,
Sae vex thy heart nae mair!"
Oh aft at midnicht's eerie hour,
I hear thae words divine;
Yet oh! thou 'rt i' the lanely yird,
Thou bonnie wife o' mine!

THO' SAFT AN' GREEN THE HEAVY SOD.

Tho' saft an' green the heavy sod that haps thy honest heid,
Yet waes-me on the thocht, Jamie! I canna think thee deid!
For aye thy face an' form sae dear are ever in my e'e,
To mind me o' the happy days, lang past an' gane wi' thee!

Oh sad I think on a' thy ways, sae gentle an' sae kind.
For tender was thy manly breast, an' noble was thy mind;
Thy haun' was aye the helpin' haun'—thy heart was ever free;
An' aft the tear o' sympathy stood glist'nin' in thine e'e.

Nae mair, wi' hardy sailor pride, thou 'lt stem the ragin' wave—
Nae mair the bitter, stormy blast 'll heedless owre thee rave—
Nae mair thy wife 'll greet thee back, wi' welcome in her e'e—
Nae mair thy rosy, lauchin' weans 'll rin aboot thy knee!

Fareweel to mony a merry lauch, that lichten'd mony a care,
For thou art gane—for ever gane, to cheer our hearts nae mair;
An' noo, aboon thy cauld, dark hame, the flow'rets gently wave;
An' birds are singin' on the tree that beilds thy lanely grave!

THE LINTWHITE.*

A LINTWHITE sat in her mossy nest,
Ae eerie morn in spring;
An' lang she look'd at the cauld gray lift,
Wi' the wee birds under her wing.
An' aye as she lookit, wi' shiverin' breist,
Sae waesomely she sang:
"O tell me true, ye winds that blaw,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?

"I've socht him doun i' the fairy glen,
An' far owre the lanely lea—
I've socht him doun i' yon saft green yird,
An' high on the birken tree;—
I've socht till the wee things cried me hame,
Wi' mony a heavy pang;
O tell me true, ye winds that blaw,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?"

"O waly!" the norlan' breezes moan'd,
"Sae weel may thy heart be sair;
For the hawk's awa wi' thy ain true luve,
An' he'll sing thee a sang nae mair!

* Music by T. W. Naumann.

Fu' wae was his fate on yon auld aik tree,
That aft wi' his warblin' rang!
Noo speir nae mair, wee shiverin' bird,
Why tarries thy luve sae lang!"

The lintwhite flew frae her mossy nest,
For she couldna thole the sting;
An' she flichter'd east, an' she flichter'd west,
Till she droukit her downy wing
An' aye as she flutter'd the lee-lang day,
Sae wild an' sae shrill she sang:
"O tell me—tell me true, ye winds,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?"

BALOO, MY BAIRNIE, FA' ASLEEP!*

My bonnie wean! my darlin' bairn!
My sweet wee smilin' lammie!
Sae cosy in yer beddy-ba',
Crawin' to yer mammy!
Blessin's on yer cheekies red,
An' wee bit lauchin' e'e,
Sparklin' like the gowden lift,
Wi' gladsome, sunny glee!
Baloo, my bairnie, fa' asleep,
O hushy, hushy ba'!

My ain pet! my honey doo!
My troutie o' the burn!
Sair, sair ye keep yer mammy back
Frae daein' mony a turn!
O fond 's the look yer deddy tak's,
As guileless ye lie there,
Chasin' frae his honest broo
Mony a dowie care!
Baloo, my bairnie, fa' asleep,
O hushy, hushy ba'!

* Music by Alfred Stella.

Yer eenie saftly close at last,
For oh! ye 're tired an' weary:
O fa' asleep, my bonnie lamb!—
O fa' asleep, my dearie!
An' as yer wee thocht tak's its flicht
Where joys immortal blossom,
May angels sing yer lullaby,
An' fauld ye in their bosom!
Baloo, my bairnie, fa' asleep!
O hushy, hushy ba'!

THE GHAIST I' THE GREYFRIARS' KIRKYARD.

"Red-Cowl! Red-Cowl!* come if ye daur!
Lift the sneck, and draw the bar!"
—*Old Edinburgh Rhyme.*

'Twas on a stormy nicht in cauld December,
(O lang that stormy nicht will I remember!)
When joggin' hameward thro' the wind an' weet,
Wi' unco wearied legs, an' plashin' feet,
I heard what fill'd my heart wi' gruesome fears—
A waefu' groan frae oot the auld Greyfreers.

Roused for a moment by the frichtfu' soun',
I speil'd the iron gate, an' lookin' roun',
There!—doun yon howe, fast by a new-dug grave,
Where lie in mournfu' heaps the martyr'd brave—
Reckless o' roarin' wind, an' drenchin' rain,
A Ghaist sat jabberin' on an auld heid-stane!
High was its stature—gloomy, grim, an' stark,—
Its wild-cat's een bricht glitter'd i' the dark,—
A lang white sheet hung clappit to its banes,
A' sair bedabbl'd owre wi' bluidy stains,

* Red-Cowl was the name given to a wandering ghost, said to have haunted the Greyfriars' Churchyard in the olden time.

Doun whilk the muddy rain aye drappit—drappit,
While owre its pow a fiery red-cowl flappit.
Richt lang I gaz'd, wi' mony a freezin' chatter,
An' aye, wi' ilka eldritch groan, its banes they a' gied
clatter!

Wi' unco fecht, I drew my breath at last,
An' tried to rin, but feth my feet stuck fast!
Sae there I stood dementit—clean dumfounder'd,
An' as I look'd, yet mair an' mair I wonder'd;
For wi' a gowl that made me roar outricht,
It gibber'd out, "Hoo 's a' wi' ye the nicht?"

Cauld horror seiz'd me, when I heard the deid:
Doun fell the bannit owre my toozy heid:
"Red-Cowl!" I stammer'd, pechin' fast an' sair,
"Ye auld sneck-drawer!—are ye really there?
Terror o' auld an' young, in days o' yore,
I never saw yer ill-faur'd face before
This ourie nicht; an' let me tell ye plain,
Lord grant I never mair may see 't again!——
If mercy dwells within thae mouldy banes,
Tak' pity on a chield wi' wife an' weans;
Or gin ye 've nane for me, think on yersel'—
Ye're aiblins miss'd doun yonder, wha can tell;
An' haith gin some folk mak' ye vanish quicker,
There 'll be a bonnie sowp taen out yer bicker!
Slip cannily awa—I 'll ne'er let on!"
"Na, na!" replied the ghaist, wi' dolefu' groan.

" Fear nocht frae yin a flaucht o' wind can shogle—
Sit doun, ye frichtit gowk!—I 'm but a bogle!
Fine did I ken yer faither's great-great-granny,
An' *she* aye thocht me unco kind an' canny.
Aft hae I preed her yill-browst, sweet as gundy,
In days lang gane—*sic transit gloria mundi!*

" But hark! St Giles's bell strikes loud an' lang,
An' ye maun hear me oot, before ye gang;
Sae Jamie, sit ye doun on yon auld stane,
There 's nocht to tout ye but a wee drap rain!"

" A' richt!" quo I, in terror-stricken tone,
For fear thrill'd ilka nerve. The Ghaist went on:—

When whiles the weary thocht comes in my heid,
To tak' the air amang the friendly deid,
Or dander thro' yon eerie auld-kirk pews,
The houlets gie me a' the latest news.
An' wae the day that e'er I got sic stories
O' dowfy-hearted Whigs, an' thowless Tories,
That heard puir Poland's cry across the main
For dear-lo'ed liberty yince mair in vain;
An' cauldly saw brave Denmark torn an' riven,
While groans o' horror shook the gates o' Heaven!
Shame on the German wolves that did the deed,
Impell'd by hate, an' never-endin' greed—
Shame on auld England, for her mournfu' blindness!
Shame on her water'd milk o' human kindness!

Where 's a' her succour for the sair opprest—
That bonniest feather in her glorious crest?—
Where 's a' her fiery, martial ardour noo,
That won the Nile, Trafalgar, Waterloo?
Gane frae my ghostly gaze—past comprehension—
Quench'd in that dreary gulf, Non-intervention!——
When Albion's Lion couches, Justice sleeps:
Strife sounds the muffled drum, and Freedom weeps!

But noo yon tykes are in a joyfu' swither—
The Kaiser 's* scowlin' at his royal brither—†
The Lord's Anointed mocks his indignation,
Laughs at his sword, an' whistles "Annexation!"
An' gloats owre robbery's ruthless acquisition—
The helpless puppet o' a snake's‡ ambition;
While high owre emperor an' reckless king,
Dark Retribution waves her sable wing.——
E'en let them fecht, wi' a' their micht an' main—
When thieves cast oot, the honest get their ain;
E'en let them 'gree yince mair, an' count the gains,
While owre their land a treach'rous silence reigns.
Some bonnie mornin', as they 're hatchin' evil—
(Aiblins *anither* slice frae some puir deevil—
Thrang thinkin' owre some fine projectile puzzle,
Or new-invented gun, wi' monstrous muzzle)—
Wi' stormy splendour i' the lurid skies,
Stern Revolution's blood-red sun shall rise

* Emperor of Austria. † King of Prussia.
‡ Count Bismark.

Owre cannon-thunder, shrieks, an' deadly groans—
Owre crownless potentates, an' shatter'd thrones—
Owre carnage red—owre desolation vast,
While monarchs quail at manhood's trumpet blast:
Till Liberty—bright Liberty—has dawn'd
In a' her glory owre the Fatherland!

Noo, as I'm in the mood, an' gin ye've patience,
Let's hae a crack anent some ither nations.

Hear ye the Gallic Cock, hoo blithe he craws,
An' shakes his glancin' wings in France's cause?—
(Nae doot they're clippit a bit thocht or twa;
But still—they're no bad flaffers after a')—

Lately he took his flight, wi' haughty crest,
An' perch'd in Mexico's hard, thorny nest;
Broke a' the eggs he laid his claws upon,
Then set a deuk* on Montezuma's throne.
This deuk assumed high state, in low dejection,
Syne quacked an' cackled loudly for protection—
Thocht on his Austrian glory, sadly shorn,
An' wish'd, wi' a' his heart, he'd ne'er been born.

Fu' high the Chanticleer Imperial soars,
While peace an' plenty crown his sunny shores.
Nae hostile neibour daurs him on the sea—
The Lion lo'es him wi' a friendly e'e—

* Duke Maximilian of Austria, now Emperor of Mexico.

Mak's kind inquiry if he 's keepin' fine—
Imports his latest fashions—drinks his wine—
An' sae the twa that ance were mortal foes,
Are suppin' oot the same guid cog o' brose.
O may they aye in brither-bonds be seen!
Lang may their laurels flourish fair an' green!
Blest be the flag that braved a despot's might!—
Blest be the friendship sworn on Alma's height!
Britannia hails fair Gallia's high renown,
And tyrants dread Napoleon's iron frown!

Spain mak's me groan, whene'er I think upon her:
Her grand blue bluid 's departed wi' her honour.
O wad she look on tittie's* cleaner face,
Syne wash her ain, she yet micht come to grace.
But liberal principles she canna see,
For superstition dims her pridefu' e'e.
Monastic gloom broods owre a land o' sleepers,
Where Freedom wears her hingin'-crape an' weepers.
An' yet she 's daured to pree—the shameless randy—
Anither stick o' Chilian sugar-candy!
She 's tasted something else, I 'm proud to learn—
A crashin' broadside on her batter'd stern!
Wad ye believe me? when the news was brocht,
My banes gaed rattlin' wi' the joyfu' thocht!

Stout, strong, an' healthy, fair Italia stands,
While progress blossoms in her gowden lands.

* Portugal.

All hail the hero-king—her dauntless lord!
All hail the might o' Garibaldi's sword!—
All hail the day that saw the Austrian yield
To Valour's sons on Solferino's field!

Yet oft she sighs an' greets, puir honest woman!
Her mither* an' her sister's† lang a-comin'!
Patience, ye brave! the day shall dawn at last:
They'll see ye soon—they're makin' ready fast!

Hence, Pio Nono, wi' thy Aunty Nelly;
Thy hame's Humiliation's lowly valley.
If priceless peace o' mind wad fain be thine,
Thy sovereign temporalities resign;
A brawer, richer Prince thou'lt be wi' nane—
A greater Pontiff wi' thy greatness gane.

Hence, Hapsburg, frae the City o' the Sea—
Thy day's gane by—tak' aff thy greedy e'e.
Wadst thou be thocht sincere in thy reforms,
Begin wi' Hungary, an' calm her storms.
There's plenty mair to keep thee workin' thrang:
Leave *her* alane—she kens best where to gang!

Puir feckless Greece, renown'd in ancient story,
Looks unco dreich, wi' a' her classic glory;
Fain wad she hail ance mair, wi' radiant joy,
Her brave Achilles on the walls o' Troy.
Alas! the tears are tricklin' doun her cheeks—
Her sons are Helots—wither'd, sapless Greeks.

* Rome. † Venice.

Contending factions lang in strife hae kept her—
Her Danish monarch rules wi' pasteboard sceptre—
His crown 's a thorn—he 's but a king in name—
He 's sick at heart, an' wearyin' to gang hame—
His chiefs are nae great mighty Men o' Moab—
Puir wishy-washy comforters o' Job.
Feth, had the Apostle Paul kent sic a vermin,
He 'd roused their noddles wi' a bonnie sermon!

See on his icy throne, wi' wrathfu' glare
At Turkey's fated land, the Russian Bear.
There 's nocht can satisfy his ravenous maw—
Circassians, Poles, he gobbles ane an' a';
Syne licks his lips, in fond anticipation,
To hae a worry at some ither nation.——
Hark to him growlin' owre the Euxine sea:
"O Heaven, be kind! when *will* that sick man* dee?
He 's but a bite; but oh! the bite 's delicious!"
O Heaven, be kind! for hunger mak's me vicious."

Some hapless day, wi' horrid thunder-roar,
He 'll spring wi' fury at this sick man's door—
Strike wi' the ruthless paws that never fail,
Till first his heid gets in, an' syne his tail!

Ance mair the Banner o' the Union waves
Owre yon fair land—nae mair a land o' slaves.
The wearied Sisters meet 'neath peacefu' skies—
Ane smiles fu' bonnily—the ither sighs;

* A covert allusion to Turkey, made by the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia.

An' thinks, wi' burstin' heart, an' anguish keen,
On what she 's noo, an' what she micht hae been ;
While burning tears o' sorrow fill her e'e,
As memory dwells on Jackson, and on Lee !

Courage, brave South ! fling aff thy dark despair :
Thou did thy best—the best could dae nae mair !

All hail thy valiant foes o' honour'd worth—
Sherman an' Grant—the Trojans o' the North !
Nae fell vindictive rage disgraced their power,
Or stained their shield in triumph 's golden hour ;—
But victor look'd on vanquish'd like a brither—
Heart warm'd to heart, and hands joined hands the-
gither !

But ah ! sweet joy brought sorrow in her train :
Lincoln—the noble-minded Lincoln 's gane !
Vile was the murd'rous arm that laid him low,
Wi' glory's laurel on his dauntless brow.
Lang shall the Union mourn his honour'd name,
And twine her garlands round his deathless fame !

Star-spangled Banner ! ever may thou wave
In radiant beauty o'er the gallant brave !
Lang may thy presence shield a land sae fair,
Where God's dark image drags the chain nae mair !
Far frae thy sons be fierce intestine hate—
Far be the Fenian traitor frae thy gate—

Never may discord dire thy bark o'erwhelm,
While trusty Johnson boldly steers the helm!——
Shine on, triumphantly, frae year to year!—
Shine on!—thy mother hails thy bright career.
She ne'er forgets that thou wert ance her ain—
She lo'es thee yet, for a' that 's past an' gane.
Oh! if a wee bit spark yet fires thy breast,
Gie nae loon peace, that daurs disturb her rest:
Owre a' her bonnie hame—by land an' sea—
Nae firebrand e'er was shelter'd, false to thee!

Hail, England, hail! wi' golden glory crown'd!—
Hail, England, hail! owre a' the world renown'd!
White-robed Prosperity wi' gladness smiles
Owre a' thy distant shores, and sunny isles.
Science an' Art are maidens fond o' thine—
Justice and Truth thy radiant form entwine—
In Learning's wide domain, thy men o' lore
Will proudly match the brightest names o' yore;
While high in Poesy's immortal bowers,
Lordly supreme, thy Swan o' Avon towers!——
To thee brave bosoms swell wi' warm devotion—
Thy flag waves cheerily on every ocean—
Thy star o' honour shines serenely fair—
The smell o' freedom 's in thy caller air—
While owre thy purple hills, an' meadows green,
The breezes murmur sweet, "God save the Queen!"

Alas for puir auld Ireland's dowie case,
The tears are seldom frae her weel-faur'd face.

Scarce does a cheery gowden blink arise,
Than darklin' clouds bedim her rosy skies.
An' noo, when Fortune's star was beamin' bricht,
Yon Fenian meteor shed its balefu' licht.
Perish the traitor knaves in dungeons dire,
Wha 'd sink their country deeper in the mire—
Perish the ruthless hearts wha 'd blast her fame
Wi' bloody massacre, an' surgin' flame;
An' raise, owre horrid Ruin's deep prostration,
The Red Republic o' a day's duration!

Arise, sweet Peace! arise owre Erin's Isle!—
Shed owre her emerald groves thy sunny smile.
Wave, shamrock! wave owre a' her hills an' plains—
Strike, silver harp! thy joyous, happy strains!

To thee, dear land, remembrance fond returns—
Sweet hame o' Wallace, Scott, and Robbie Burns!
Twa hunder year, an' mair, has fled apace,
Since first I saw Auld Reekie's sonsy face.
When manhood's crystal streams my haffits laved,
The auld blue banner owre my shouther waved.
For Kirk and Covenant I focht an' barkit,
An' shed, at last, my bluid in yon Grassmarket.

What changes, Scotia, hast thou seen sin' syne!—
Braw wealth an' peace are noo fast friens o' thine.
As time rolls on to dark oblivion's river,
Thy thistle proudly waves, as bauld as ever;

An' far an' wide, owre a' creation's bounds,
The silver clarion o' thy glory sounds.

Noo, Caledonia, hear me oot an' oot:
I 'll tell thee something mair, without a doot.
Thou 'rt no to tak' it ill, an' cry, "Bad taste!"
Besides, thou 'lt no be angry wi' a ghaist.
Sae hearken canny, in nae canker'd mood—
A hamely word or twa may dae thee guid.

Thou hast a waefu' want I aft deplore—
Thy honest roughness o' the days o' yore;
An' yon sincerity, sae frank an' free,
That aye took word for deed, I never see.
Sae graspin' art thou in thy generation—
Sae sair mistrustfu', wi' thy calculation—
That tippence isna lent by word o' mouth,
But pen an' ink maun stand for sterlin' truth!
It 's true as I 'm a ghaist—deny 't wha can!
Yet mair than that I 'll say—man worships man!—
Nocht can I see but servile adulation;
Flunkies are swarmin' in this freeborn nation.
That 's bad enough; but yet there 's waur, I fear—
Black-Coat idolatry reigns rampant here.——
See hoo they 'll wag their pows in earnest chat,
An' gloat owre Reverend This, and Doctor That;
An' crouch, as every day's experience tells,
To helpless worms, nae better than themsels.
(For as the auld cock craws, the young ane learns;
An' tak' my word, they 're a' John Tamson's bairns.)

The shepherds ken their power, as I 've been tauld,
An' keep their flocks submissive i' the fauld—
Mix fine sectarian clover wi' their fare—
Shear a' the fleece they can, syne look for mair;
An' move their hearts in sic a pawky way,
That nae puir sheep has courage to cry, "Baa!"———
An' yet they 'll ban yon Kirk in Romish fetter,
An' say they 're idol-free?—but I ken better!
The Pope 's no bound to yae denomination—
There 's mony a Pope owre mony a congregation!

In stately ha's I see proud Dives dwell;
But where puir Lazarus lives, I 'm laith to tell.
God help yon dark, damp, dismal habitation,
Wi' gapin' wa's for healthy ventilation!
Yet for this dungeon, let the truth be kent,
He pays that curse o' poverty—a rent!
A rent! great Heaven! it mak's my auld banes shiver!
I 'll think mair kindly o' my grave than ever!

Oh, velvet-slipper'd times! when stylish fashion,
An' love o' siller, form the ruling passion;—
When high-starch'd selfishness steeks fast the pocket,
An' hauds the grip, till human nature 's chokit;—
When mony a sham displays his only gumption
In fine habiliments, an' rank presumption;—
When bigotry, hypocrisy, an' greed,
Gang hand-in-hand—a bonnie three, indeed!——
Wadst thou be weel-respeckit? Bow thee low:
Say no for yes, an' yes when yes means no.

Wadst thou be thocht a sage? Look circumspect;
Haud still thy tongue, an' never contradict.
Wadst thou be ca'd sincerity's pure grain?
Hate a' denominations but thine ain.
Wadst thou be freed frae mony a queer transgression?
Gang to the kirk, an' mak' a braw profession.
When Sunday comes—that brightest, best o' days—
An' earth 's resoundin' wi' Jehovah's praise,
Draw doun the blinds, wi' visage dark an' sour,
An' see thy breakfast 's taen the nicht before;—
Groan owre the wickedness o' this great nation,
Then boil thy tatties in imagination;
An' as thy mouth a' waters—hunger riven—
Tell me if thou art ony nearer Heaven!

Oh for a sweep o' Homer's gowden lyre,
To scourge the hypocrite wi' verse o' fire!
He dings the days o' Moses heels-owre-heid,
An' mak's me often cry, "I 'm glad I 'm deid!"

Let India glory in her pride o' caste:
She 's no alane—we 've match'd her there at last.
Here class-exclusiveness keeps solemn state,
An' Scottish Brahmins Scottish Pariahs hate.——
At kirk, or market—cot, or palace-ha'—
The wealthy Nabob reigns supreme owre a'.——
Riches an' poverty are laith to meet.
Man shuns his brither man on ilka street.——
What 's honest worth, in thir religious days,
Without a fine braw house, and dandy claes?

See ye, while Sunday bells jow loud an' lang,
Yon careworn Arab 'mid the godly thrang.
Lanesome he feels 't, for a' that pass aroun',
A dreary desert in a croodit toon!
(Sic gorgeous silks an' satins rustle past,
Ye 'd think Millennium had arrived at last.)
Wi' douncast e'e, some frienly stair he seeks,
To hide his threadbare coat, and shabby breeks.
Onward he moves, 'mid mony a heartless stare,
While scented Bibles saft perfume the air—
The Book that teaches love 'mang high and low,
Carried, in mony a hand, for pompous show.
Sidelins he meets the cauld averted gaze
O' them that kent him in his better days;
Slinks doun an entry—sees there 's nae ane near;
Then wipes frae fiery e'e the burnin' tear!

Oh, wad that puir but honest chield daur enter
Yer stately kirks, where braw folk freely venture;
Or lift his heid amid sic glarin' grandeur,
He 'd dae a greater deed than Alexander!——
Yet courage! sunlicht 's comin'! bide yer time!
Cheer up, puir duggie! poverty 's nae crime!

Anither word, and then my story 's tauld;
Syne, Jamie, ye may gang—I ken ye 're cauld.

What unco deavin' news is this I hear,
That 's fillin' mony a heart wi' doot an' fear?—

What collyshangy 's this that mak's me grue ?—
What wildfire 's dancin' i' the Auld Kirk noo?
Sad wad I be, wer 't true what some folk say,
That Granny's totterin' doun a slippery brae.———

Oh for the stalwart strength that yince was mine!—
The trusty metal o' the days lang syne!
I 'd dae my best to save her frae the snare,
And freely gie for her my bluid yince mair!

Richt Venerable Mither—ever dear!—
May son o' thine ne'er mak' thee shed a tear!
Thy honour'd wa's dissensions dire hae seen,
And tears enough hae fill'd thy auld gray een.
The bairns that left thee swell the scornfu' cry—
" She 's frail an' fushionless—her day 's gane by."
But wha wad daur to say thy sun has set,
While health, an' strength, an' vigour's in thee yet!

Up wi' the bright blue banner, famed o' yore,
That never waved in vain on Scotia's shore.
Wi' Sinai's thunder in thy voice, proclaim
To a' the world that *thou* art still the same!—
The same true bulwark—Caledonia's pride—
For whilk a Cameron and a Renwick died.

Hence the new-fangled gowk, that gibes an' jeers
At men wha shed for thee their bluid an' tears!—
Hence wi' the callous heart, wha 'd daur defame
Auld Scotland's glory—Knox's honour'd name.

While round thy Zion flames celestial fire,
May boundless charity thy sons inspire.

Believing, fondly, nae faith like thine ain,
Spurn thou nae ither creed wi' sour disdain.
Hate nae man's kirk wi' scornfu' indignation;
But thank thy God for joyfu' toleration.
Look kind on them whase backs are at the wa',
An' hae a canny word to say for a'.

Keep aye, wi' fearless front, the guid auld road—
The path thy martyr'd warriors nobly trod.
And while, stern battling on the hallow'd ground,
Thy gospel trump gies nae uncertain sound,
Where'er yon glorious thistle waves serene,
Bright be the motto on thy banner seen
By those that fain wad see thee crush'd an' doom'd—
"*Burning wi' fire, but never yet consumed!*"

The spirit ceas'd, an' aye the rain fell fast;
Loud moan'd the houlets 'mid the roarin' blast;
High owre the reekit lums, an' watery tiles,
Rung out the midnicht hour frae auld St Giles.
Deep groans were minglin' wi' the eerie chime:
A voice howl'd "Red Cowl! ye hae stay'd yer time!"
Slowly a darklin' cloud the ghaist surrounded—
Far frae the silent land a wailing horn resounded.
A weary cry rang through the murky air.
"Red Cowl! ye've stay'd yer time!" was heard ance mair.
"Comin'!" the spectre cried, 'mid lichtnin's flash,
Then swiftly vanish'd in a thunder-crash!———
Horror-inspired, I gied an eldritch roar—
Flew owre the gate—ran hame—an' barr'd the door!

TOTTY'S GRAVE.

WAE was the nicht that took thee hame,
  Saut were the tears that dimm'd my e'e;
For oh! thou darlin' o' my heart!
  Thy sweet wee face was dear to me!

Sair was the grief that fill'd my breist—
  A grief thy puir fond faither shared,
As wae he took thee frae my arms,
  To lay thee in the cauld kirkyard!

Oh, the bitter, bitter thocht—
  The weary, weary thocht to me,
That thou, the flower o' a' my flock,
  Should hing thy bonnie heid an' dee!

When bairnies play amang the grass,
  An' pu' the gowans at their feet,
I look in vain for thy wee face,
  An' lang I'll sit me doun an' greet!

Yet oh! I canna think thee deid,
My bairnie! will I ne'er see mair
Thae rosy lips I 've kiss'd sae fond—
Thy sweet blue e'e, an' gowden hair?

An' is thy voice for ever still—
Thy merry laugh o' guileless glee,
That rang sae sweetly through the wudds,
An' broomy braes o' Wuddislee!

THE WEE PAIR O' SHOON.

Oh, lay them canny doon, Jamie,
An' tak' them frae my sicht!
They mind me o' her sweet wee face,
An' sparklin' e'e sae bricht.
Oh, lay them saftly doon beside
The lock o' silken hair;
For the darlin' o' thy heart an' mine
Will never wear them mair!

But oh! the silvery voice, Jamie,
That fondly lisped yer name,
An' the wee bit hands sae aft held oot
Wi' joy when ye cam' hame!
An' oh, the smile—the angel smile,
That shone like simmer morn;
An' the rosy mou' that socht a kiss
When ye were weary worn!

The eastlin' wind blaws cauld, Jamie—
The snaw 's on hill an' plain—
The flowers that deckt my lammie's grave
Are faded noo, an' gane!

Oh, dinna speak! I ken she dwells
In yon fair land aboon;
But sair 's the sicht that blin's my e'e—
That wee, wee pair o' shoon!

WEARIN' HAME.

HEAVY an' sad, i' the cheerless ward,
Auld Elspet laid her doun
Mid the feeble wail, an' the fretfu' moan,
O' the sleepless hearts aroun'.

The gloamin' o' her life was spent—
Her sorrows maist were past;
An' lang she wearied thro' the nicht
That death wad come at last!

An' whyles she thocht on sweet langsyne,
An' saw wi' joy again
The wee bit cosy but-an'-ben
She aince could ca' her ain;—

An Willie, blest wi' every grace
That woman could desire;
An' the press, weel fill'd wi' milk an' meal;
An' the bairns a' roun' the fire!

An' the blithe tick-tack o' the eicht-day clock,
An' the heartsome, cheery sang;
An' the gruesome tale o' the Bogle-Bo,
When winter nichts were lang;

An' the cushet's croon i' the simmer morn,
Owre the waving yellow broom;
An' the warblin' birds i' the dewy dells,
When the roses were in bloom.

Oh, the dowie day that brocht her here,
Where age may mourn in vain;
Wi' life's sma' comforts, ance sae sweet,
For ever past an' gane!

Oh, the harsh decree o' an iron law,
That forced her guid auld marrow
To languish an' pine in anither ward
O' the same dark house o' sorrow!

Oh, sad to tear twa lovin' hearts
Awa frae yin anither;
Bound in affection's dearest ties
For forty years thegither!

The dews o' death were on ilka face—
They felt the end was near;
An' lang they cried ilk ither's name,
Wi' mony a burnin' tear.

Then saft an' low, twa voices faint
A fervent prayer let fa',
That He, the Freen o' helpless age,
Wad tak' them baith awa!

An' sair they sigh'd thro' the dreary nicht,
Wi' a shiverin', weary frame,
Till the Shepherd cam' i' the cauld grey morn,
An' kindly took them hame!

LILLY LORN.*

Lilly Lorn gaed doun the shaw,
Far frae her minnie's dwellin';
An' lang she stray'd wi' restless e'e,
Till curfew bells were knellin'.
An' aye the warblers blithely sang,
In notes baith sweet an' mony;
For Lilly Lorn was young an' fair,
An' Lilly Lorn was bonnie!

She socht her lordly lover's ha',
An' moan'd in vain her sorrow;
Till dew lay on her silken hair,
An' cheerless dawn'd the morrow;
Then twinin' sad a rowan wreath,
She sabbit "Fause Glenlyon!"
Syne wander'd thro' the gowden mist,
As westlin' winds were sighin'!

"Gae hame, gae hame, sweet Lilly Lorn!"
She heard the cushet wailin';
"Ye 're cauld an' lanely i' the shaw,
Far frae yer minnie's dwellin'!"

* Music by Maurice Cobham.

The tears ran doun her bonnie face,
To hear the cushet cryin';
But aye she twined the rowan wreath,
An' sabbit "Fause Glenlyon!"

She laid her doun beneath a birk,
Wi' cauld an' deidly shiver;
An' sigh'd ance mair Glenlyon's name,
Syne closed her een for ever!
An' saft an' wae the warblers sang,
In notes baith sweet an' mony
For Lilly Lorn was young an' fair,
An' Lilly Lorn was bonnie!

JEMMY SLANNIGAN'S ODD,

AT THE OPENING OF THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 9TH MAY 1865.

STHRIKE, swate harp av the land av the shamrock!
Pale, all ye bells, wid a great acclimayshin,
Whack at the guns, ye undaunted arthillery boys,
Till Dublin shakes down to the very foundayshin.

Come, bright sun, from the rowlin' imminsities,
Laugh like a fine m'aly pratie this day,
Snuff out the rain wid yer goolden exthinguisher,
Or the city will soon be as bad as the say.

Bring forth the car, wid the baste that 's to dhraw id;
Coax him wid gingerbread cakes in his mouth;
See how he 's prancin', an' caperin', an' whiskin',
Like the lively he-goats on the owld Hill o' Howth.

Judy, acushla! sit down wid yer Jemmy;
Molly, aroon, saize a howld av yer mother;
Phadrick, an' Phelim, an' Teddy asthore,
Howld fast, like grim death, by the coat av yer father.

Hip, hurroo! off we go to the Great Exhibition,
Minglin' wid duchesses, dukes, drums, and bugle-horns;
See how the brute wags his tail wid amazement
At the sight av the beautiful lions an' unicorns!

Whew! millia murther! sich crowds av gay faces!
Sich wavin' av flags—sich an illigant view!
Sich fine faymale ladies were never beheld, sure,
Since the charmin' goold days av bowld Brian Boroo.

Gramachree! there's the Prince rowlin' past in his chariot;
I can't see his face, but I 'll spake to the dhriver;
"*Ceade mille failteagh!* yer Highness, abouchal!
May yer praties an' butther-milk flow like a river!

"Arrah, why have ye been sich a sthranger entirely?
An' where 's yer colleen, the fair Princiss, swate jewel?
Sure her face ud be welkim to Ireland, my honey!
Oh, why could yer bountiful heart be so cruel?

"How 's yer royal Queen-mother? may God save her kindly!
Right joyful she once kiss'd the sod av our shore;
But the Star av her gladness wint down in its beauty,
An' the light av its glory will cheer her no more!

But you 're young an' happy, wid sunshine around yez,
An' a bright little, tight little Prince av yer own;

Then don't be so shy wid yer own princely prisince,
But show yerself bowldly to them that have none!

"Sure ye needn't belave what the rapparree Finnians
May howl at Clontarf, for id 's all a big lie;
Their sivin long cinthries av Saxon oppression,
An' their chains an' their slavery 's all in me eye.

"But this I will spake: bid our landlords stay wid us;
Tell their rascally agents to pack up an' run;
Then away wid the Church, that 's a cowld-hearted sthranger,
An' there won't be a happier oisle undher the sun.

"We 're not discontinted, yer Highness, abouchal;
But fair-play 's a jewel, the world all o'er;
Then give us that same, an' ye 'll find that the childre
Av Erin, mavourneen, are thrue to the core.

"Fare-ye-well, an' good luck!" There he enters the gateway;
The thrumpets are soundin' a blast loud and high:
They 're black in the face makin' beauthiful spaches,
An' they 're gettin' a beauthiful spache in reply.

Now grandly we enter the Great Exhibition:
Phililoo! what a sight! howld me head! am I dhramin'?
Sich images, picthers, an' wonders so rare,
That wid fond admirayshin the ladies are scramin'.

There 's everything here to asthonish the boys,
From the Wellington boots av King Julius Cayzer,
That he used whin his sandals were out at the clanin',
To the red knickerbokers av Nebuchadnayzer!

Oh sthrike the harp gaily—success to this day!
Britannia 's all ringin' wid loud acclimayshins;
Ould Ireland shows proudly the fruits av her land,
An' her trophies av art are the pride av the nayshins.

Now God bless the flowers in swate friendship entwined—
The ever-dear Shamrock, the Thistle, an' Rose;
Wid success to the Queen, an' good luck to the Pope,
From the roots av his hair to the tip av his toes!

J. S.,
his × mark.

AILSA'S PAIRTIN' WORD.

DARKLY, darkly hung the lift
Owre lanely hill, an' dreary ha';
Waefu' moaned the norlan' blast,
An' cheerless fell the driftin' snaw.

Eerie rang the houlet's wail,
An' high the corby took his flicht,
As wearily he socht afar
Some hoary howff to pass the nicht.

Lang on the lea puir Colly yowled,
For heavy dule he seem'd to dree;—
Sair i' their beds the bairnies grat,
For sleep had fled frae ilka ee.

Dowie an' wae auld Granny sat,
Fu' listless owre her silent wheel;
As Ailsa kiss'd puir Sandy's cheek,
Syne took her lang an' last fareweel.

Her pale, pale face was sair begrat,
Her fadin' lips were cauld an' blae;
Her bonnie hazel ee was dim,
Her voice was trummlin', sad, an' wae.

An' lang she look'd in Sandy's face—
Oh sune that face nae mair to see!
An' aye the thocht cam' owre her heart,
An' aye the tear fell frae her ee.

"Oh tak me in yer arms!" she cried,
"An' press yer lips ance mair to mine;
For sair 's the pain that racks my breist,
An' cauld 's the haun' that lies in thine!

"Oh bring the bairnies to my side—
Puir things! sae helpless, an' sae wee!—
Oh bring the bairnies to my side,
An' let me kiss them ere I dee!

"Oh sair, sair heart—oh breakin' heart!
It maks me wae to leave ye a'!
Nae tender mither, fond an' kind,
Will kiss ye noo, when I 'm awa!

"But oh! there 's Ane abune, Sandy,
Wha 'll never hear yer prayer in vain;
Sae greet nae mair for me, my dear!—
Oh dinna greet!—we 'll meet again!

"Ye 'll lay me where wee Teenie lies,
Beside the burn where willows wave;
An' where the birds 'll sing sae sweet
Their bonnie sangs abune my grave!

"An' on the simmer nichts, Sandy,
When daisies bloom 'neath rosy skies;
Ye 'll tak' the bairnies i' yer haun',
An' lead them where their mither lies!"

MASONIC ANTHEM.

HAIL, FRATERNAL POWER DIVINE.*

AWAKE the echoes of the night,
With joyous, heart-inspiring strain—
All hail, thou radiant mystic Light,
That dawn'd in royal Wisdom's reign.
Hail, fraternal power divine!
Star of love, for ever shine!

O'er all this boundless, rolling sphere,
The symbols of thy might are found;
And brothers cherish brothers dear,
In Friendship's rosy fetters bound!
Hail, fraternal power divine!
Star of love, for ever shine!

Beneath thy beaming silver skies,
No tear of sorrow pleads in vain;
But faithful, gen'rous sons arise,
And fondly soothe affliction's pain.
Hail, fraternal power divine!
Star of love, for ever shine!

* Music by Alfred Stella.

All hail, the splendour of thy rays!
  Oh may their beauty never die!—
All hail, the mighty King of Days!
  The glorious Architect on high!
Hail, fraternal power divine!
Star of love, for ever shine!

JEMMY SLANNIGAN'S APPALE TO THE FINNIAN BOYS.

By all the blest saints that are dead or alive, or to come yet, what is it ye mane, now?
Howlin' the curse av the year '48, like a parcel av silly owld codgers.
Thundher and turf! but I 'm thinkin' intirely ye 're all turnin' mad or insane, now:
Shouldrin' shillelahs at midnight, like devil's own childre, an' playin' at sodgers.

Is 't an up-an'-down bloody rebellion right out, that yer afther at this time av day, boys?
Cursin', wid black-hearted venomous hathred, the owld mother counthry so swately?
Wid spectacles over yer stony blind eyes, are yez lookin' acrass the salt say, boys,
For the ships av Owld Andy, so stately an' trim, that 'll do all the business complately?

There! behowld thim at last! see the Finnian King in a funk, wid his green banners flyin'!
See his rowdies all gnashin' their teeth—bowie knives, pikes, revolvers as thick as snow dhrift:

See the rockets are flamin' o'erhead, an' it's "Death to the Saxon Devourer!" they 're cryin';
An' the drums, an' the cymbals, an' thrumpets are soundin' right joyfully—over the lift!

Only see how Britannia—the moighty Britannia—grows pale at the crash av their thundher—
Only see—Pathrick's bones!—how her sodgers an' sailors an' Wimbledon sharpshoothers flee—
Only see—bless the Pope an' his purty big toe!—how the grim roarin' Lion knocks undher—
Crouched at the back av the wall in despair, wid his tail in his mouth—only see!

Now it's phililoo! hubbaboo! ditheroo whack!—for the joys av Republican glory!—
Swate Fraternity pie, an' American hash, wid fried praties twelve toimes in the day;
Double "X," Bass's bitther, rum-punch, whisky prime, Cogniac, an' Owld Tommy before yez;
Wid the milk an' the honey all flowin' around, amid lashins av sugar an' tay.

Hurrah! there's no beggary now to be seen! see the guaneys piled high as the mountains—
See the ladies all shinin' in bright goolden robes, as they wander wid dandy dressed boys,
Discoorsin' swate love, in a languishin' way, by the beauthiful butther-milk fountains!—
See the pigs on their hind-legs, all sick wid roast mate, an' the drakes softly warblin' their joys!

O wurra ! ohone ! may the Lord open quickly yer eyes
in his marciful lanience !
Ye blinded gommogues ! splatt'rin' head-over-heels in
the fathomless Gulf av Delusion ;
May the Fiend that began it right swiftly repint, an' fly
off at his soonest convanience
Wid the truculent savages over the way—born
fomenthors of sthrife an' confusion.

Why were yez so foolishly moighty an' bowld, in the
hoith av yer pride an' consait, boys,
Wid yer "Right shouldher forward ! quick march ! stand
at aise, now !" jist under the Lion's own eyes ?
Sure yez never were dhramin' that, sooner or lather, some
"thrue sworn brother" would prate, boys :
Wirresthrue ! there was never a cause, good or bad,
but had always its white-livered spies !

An' now this same Lion 's beginnin' to growl : see ! he 's
scenting the "Circles" and "Centhres ;"
Look ahead ! there 's a black thundher-cloud in his
eye : oh, be warned ere the lightnin' comes down !
When it bursts in its fury, then woe to the boasts av his
impotent, puny tormenthors,
As they scatther in terror, like chaff in a gale, at the
roar av his dreaded renown !

Oh, was it for this that Prosperity's sun was beginnin'
to dawn wid sich splindour—
When Erin was smilin' wid gladness once more ;
though her locks wid owld sorrows were hoary—

That her sons from afar, whom she nursed at her breast,
doubly sworn to protect an' defind her,
Should widher her bloom by a treacherous stab at the
heart av her bright dawnin' glory!

What 's the good, now, av prachin' av fine happy toimes,
an' the thriumphs av civilizayshin?—
What 's the good av proclaimin' to all the wide world
an Industhrial Art Exhibition?—
What 's the good av just laws, let me ax, the results av
an honest an' wise legislayshin,
When everything 's blighted an' cursed, root an'
branch, by the Devil's owld trick av sedition?

Will the howlin's av thraitors bring back any sooner the
crame av the landed propriethors?
Will the owld Mother Church, like an aigle convulsed
wid delight, clap her wings an' soar higher?
Will her Anglican Sisther the sooner shut shop at the
bidding av rapparee riothers?
By the poker that whistled! ye 're all goin' out av the
frying-pan into the fire!

Oh, in God's name, eyes front! to the right about whale!
quick march for yer lives, an' go home, boys!
Dispel the dark Finnian fog av rank death—let the
sun av pace shine o'er the nayshin.
Sure the best men av Ireland stand cowldly aloof, an'
there 's no warm wishes from Rome, boys;
For yer dhrivin' express, in the devil's own train, wid
the grim gallows-tree for the stayshin.

Queen av Erin! come forth from yer fair Scottish glens
—sure we know ye won't hear us in vain, ma'am;
For the birds softly sing that yer desolate days are,
thank God, very near at an ind.
Oh it 's happy we 'll be, when the dark mantle falls, jist
to see yer swate face once again, ma'am;
For it 's bowldly ye 'll prove, wid the spirit av owld,
a thrue Irishman's motherly frind.

J. S.,
his + mark.

September the 29, '65.

WHEN HEATHER BELLS ARE SAFTLY BLAWIN'.

Wi' noiseless step, puir Nelly stray'd,
Fu' weary by the moanin' sea:
Her hair was deckt wi' purple shells,
An' vacant shone her dark blue ee.
A faded rose she fondly prest,
As sweet she sang, while leaves were fa'in'—
"I 'll meet my luve abune yon lift,
When heather bells are saftly blawin'!

"A lock o' hair, an' ring o' gowd—
A ring o' rosy gowd sae fine—
He gied me doun yon fairy dell;
But, wae 's my heart, it 's lang sin syne!
His wraith gaed by, ae wintry nicht,
The weary way that I was ga'in';
It sigh'd, I 'll meet ye, Nelly dear,
When heather bells are saftly blawin'!

"Yestreen a ship, wi' silken sails,
Lay rowin' on a silver sea;
An' my true luve was at the helm,
An' fond my true luve sang to me.

He prest his lips, sae cauld, to mine,
  Frae gloamin' till the silent dawin':
I said, I'll meet ye, Jamie dear,
  When heather bells are saftly blawin'!"

Sweet simmer shed, wi' fragrant breath,
  Her emerald glory owre the dell,
When faintly wail'd a bonnie sang
  Frae distant lands where angels dwell.
Wi' tremblin' step, puir Nelly socht
  The dear-lo'ed tryst, as tears were fa'in';
An' met her luve abune yon lift
  When heather bells were saftly blawin'!

THE LAMENT O' ST GILES'S BELLS.

CLING, clang, cling, clang,
Greet, an' hing yer heid:
Clinkum, clankum, cling, clang,
The toun 's maist deid!
Shame fa' the Presbyters,
An' shame fa' the Chaumer,
An' shame fa' the siller-grips
That stay'd our blythesome clamour!

Cling, clang, cling, clang,
Wow the canty times,
When clinkum, clankum, cling, clang,
We rung the merry chimes;
An' cheer'd the hearts o' rich an' puir,
Frae king to raggit caddie,
Wi' "Denty Davie's curly pow,"
"Sweet Hame," an "Tooraladdy!"

Cling, clang, cling, clang,
We 've birr'd the "Lass o' Gowrie,"
"The last time I cam owre the muir,"
Wi' "Bonnie Geordie Lowrie!"

"The auld man's mare 's deid,"
"An' wasna he a roguy?"
"There 's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
An' sinners in Strathbogie!"

Cling, clang, cling, clang,
"Up i' the mornin' early;"
"The auld wife ayont the fire,"
An' "Wha 'll be king but Charlie."
"The ewie wi' the crookit horn,"
An' Robbie's "Bonnie Jean;"
Wi' "Muirland Willie," "Roy's Wife,"
An' "Jock o' Hazeldean!"

Cling, clang, cling, clang,
Thae guid auld days are past—
Clinkum, clankum, cling, clang,
We 're a' deein' fast!
There 's naething noo but monuments,
An' mournfu' celebrations;
An' pride an' greed are a' that 's left
To cheer the deevil's patience!

Cling, clang, cling, clang,
Fareweel to public spirit!
Clinkum, clankum, cling, clang,
Fareweel to ancient merit!
Yet, Deddy Giles, before we dee,
Come dicht yer auld gray e'en:
Here 's "Hard times come again nae mair,"
An' "God save the Queen!"

WHAT MAKS THIS HEART SAE WAE?

[The following is a feeble tribute of respect to the memory of Miss Elizabeth Hay, of Edinburgh, a young lady whose womanly qualities endeared her to all who knew her.]

WHAT maks this heart sae wae, Bessie?
What gies this bosom pain?
What mean sic words o' sorrowin' dule,
That tell me thou art gane?
Oh, what is this that fills my een
Wi' tears o' sad despair—
That I shall see thy winsome form
An' bonnie face nae mair!

For aye the smile sae sweet, Bessie,
That cheered thy faither's ha',
An' aye the nameless graces rare,
That made thee lo'ed by a'—
The kindly look, the tender heart,
Sae guileless, an' sae free,
Are beamin' bricht, like stars o' gowd,
In memory's sleepless e'e!

Thou 'rt lanely, an' thou 'rt cauld, Bessie—
The bleak winds owre thee rave;
The murky lift, wi' darksome gloom,
Hings dreary owre thy grave.
The mournfu' truth I canna thole,
For this puir heart o' mine
Aye sees thee in thy comeliness,
I' the simmer days langsyne!

Oh! are the dearest ties, Bessie,
O' fond affection riven?
An' art thou wanderin' ever mair
'Mang the rosy dells o' heaven?
Yes, thou art there!—but weary fa'
The cheerless wintry morn,
That left within thy mither's breast
A sair an' bitter thorn!

AULD HORNIE'S FLICHT.

A LAY OF EDINBURGH.

Ae nicht doun by there was a queer mishanter,
An' puir Auld Hornie couldna blaw his chanter;
For rumour strange frae regions far abune,
Had put baith king an' subjects oot o' tune;—
Some purpose vile to drain a morbid river,
An' free the land frae pestilence an' fever,—
An act o' kindness unco hard to bide,
That sairly mortified his deevlish pride;
Sae filled wi' rank disgust at human kind,
He thocht he 'd gang an' fish, to ease his mind;
An' takin' up his rod, wi' wrathfu' glare,
Upward he mounted through the darklin' air.
Far in his rear, 'mid boundless regions dire,
Ran heavy swelterin' seas o' roarin' fire.
High owre his horns thick murky vapours hung,
While howls an' yells, wi' eldritch clamour, rung.
Upward, yet upward, through the eerie void,
Ghaists, ghouls, an' goblins girnin' at his side;—
Owre groanin' hills, wi' wailin' gulfs between,
The fire-flauchts fleein' frae his glancin' een;—

Through dreary, rock-ribb'd caverns, nocht appall'd,
Where gusty blasts blew keen, an' bitter cauld;—
Upward, yet upward, till a sullen roar
Proclaim'd the horrors o' the Stygian shore;—
At last, wi' shiverin' tail, an' chatterin' teeth,
He landed safely at the Water o' Leith!

Dim were its classic banks, o' beauty rare,
Saft dreggy fragrance fill'd the midnicht air.
The stagnant water glimmer'd i' the moon
That shone serenely frae the lift abune,
Reflectin' cats lang syne defunct, deid dowgs, an' ancient shoon!

The salmon sported, free frae molestation,
Wi' here an' there a trout for variation;
An' whyles, at times, appear'd the caperin' tail
O' some blithe haddie—very like a whale!

Noo bonnie smells their charms did fast disclose,
For ilka bogle snuff'd, then held his nose;
Syne leavin' them wha liked to pree the same,
They shook their fireproof wings, an' skelpit hame!

Three times Auld Hornie groan'd, an' pech'd, an' boakit;
Syne, gaspin', held his sides, an' cried, "I 'm chokit!"
But shamed to show sic fear o' fragrance odd,
He gulp'd it doun, syne heaved his fishin'-rod,—

A drain-pipe, baited wi' destruction dire,
That scarce descended 'mang the oozy mire,
Than to the surface rose sic noisome clags,
Bunches o' sparrow-grass, an' hame-made rags,
Mountains o' draff an' dregg, whase vapoury breath
Diffused, insensibly, the seeds o' death;
Wi' ither rank an' vile abominations,
That fill'd the air wi' noxious exhalations.

Then loud resounded Poortith's wails an' moans,
While Wealth gied twa-three sympathetic groans;—
Till, wi' a din that made e'en Hornie wonder,
Arose the Corporation's civic thunder.

Says Charity, "What means sic heartless strife?
What 's £ *S. D.* compared to human life?
Flinch frae this sacred cause I never will:
'The Bill—the Bill—an' naething *but* the Bill!'" *

Then Bailie Whinstane, fill'd wi' burstin' spleen,
An' greedy grip, ca'd dirty water clean;
Sayin', wi' a' a Christian's best intention,
"This crack o' 'nuisance' is pure invention;
An' though 'twere true, yer wishy-washy Bill,
Yet siller 's scarce, an' puir folk 's hard to kill.
Therefore let dams abound, an' slink remain,
I 'll keep the bawbees i' my pouch. Amen!"

* The Water of Leith Sewerage Bill, that raised much angry feeling in the Town Council, and elsewhere,—several of its most strenuous opposers possessing property in the districts proposed to be assessed for carrying out its provisions.

Loud lauch'd Auld Hornie owre their wide dissension:
It eased his fiery heart, sic snell contention.
Wi' joy he clear'd his wizzen in a crack,
An' thus to girnin' Bailie Whinstane spak:—

"Essence o' factious spite! dear son o' mine!
What loyal sentiments, my bairn, are thine!
Thy honey'd nectar cheers me to the core,
An' minds me o' the glorious days o' yore,
When, 'mid the clash an' clang o' deavin' yaumer,
Fair Discord reign'd triumphant i' the Chaumer;—
When yon fine tax,* that held the Kirk thegither,
Was aft the cause o' mony a canty blether;—
When proffer'd settlements o' high profession
Redeem'd the sin o' Adam's† first transgression;—
When, in his pride, he vow'd to bear the bell,
The Commons ruled the roast, an' Adam fell!——‡
I heard doun by o' Jamie's§ famous measure,
But proud am I it 's nae great gowden treasure.
Still shall it prove, for a' that 's yet been tried,
An ever-ranklin' thorn in Reekie's side.

* The old Edinburgh Annuity-Tax.

† Adam Black, Esq., formerly M.P. for Edinburgh. His vote on the Maynooth Grant is here alluded to.

‡ The Bill introduced into the House of Commons in 1859 by this veteran Reformer, which provided for the gradual abolition of the Annuity Tax in fifteen years, was thrown out on the third reading; and another Bill, sanctioned by many of the inhabitants, was brought in by Lord Advocate Moncreiff in 1860, and subsequently passed into law.

§ Right Hon. James Moncreiff, M.P., Lord Advocate.

"Hoo aft, my son, I 've seen thy cheery smirk,
An' heard thy thunders owre the College Kirk :
Thy staunch espousal o' thy faither's part
Aft won the thanks o' this saft, tender heart!
But grieved was I, yon sad an' luckless day,
When sweet Sectarian Rancour fell astray—
Ay, far astray atweel—(although, my dear,
We canna look for true perfection here !)—
When Justice,* *in præsentia Dominorum*,
Wi' a' the big-wigs o' the law before him,
Spak words that gied this fiery breist a stoun' ;
But, praise be blest ! I 'm never lang cast doun !—
Yon English lordie,† kennin' what was wanted,
Has raised mair bitter strife, an' I 'm enchanted.——
Sagacious Duncan, wi' his powers sae fine,
Was never ony sonsy bairn o' mine !

"An' noo they 've ta'en the water-brash, I fear,
An' raised a denty collieshangie here.
Fain wad they rob me o' my dearest pleasures,
Wi' trashy 'Bills,' an' 'sanitary measures,'
Tryin', wi' a' their vile mechanic art,
To foster cleanliness, an' break my heart!—
But, by my troth, for a' the sturt that 's ragin',
An' a' their babblement o' vile contagion,

* Right Hon. Duncan M'Neill of Colonsay, Lord President of the Court of Session.

† Lord Chancellor Westbury, who, in the House of Lords, reversed the decision of the Court of Session anent Trinity College Church.

As lang as guid Self-Int'rest bears the gree,
An' Mammon reigns supreme, nae fear o' me!"

Auld Hornie ended, wi' a lion's roar,
That far resounded through the Lethean shore,
The stagnant river heaved, wi' shiverin' dread,—
The dreamy moon, in silent horror, fled,—
Sulphureous flames illumed the dark profound,—
Rocked, in its agony, the trembling ground,—
The time-gun burst wi' terrible explosion,
An' a' the mill-wheels were in instant motion.

Then wi' a weirdly glower o' dark affection
At him wha 'd heard this excellent prelection,
He seized the Bailie in his greedy maw,
Syne flapt his red-hot wings, an' flew awa'

THE RAVEN LIES BLEEDING.

[WRITTEN IN 1864.]

WEEP, weary world, and arouse thee from slumber:
Weep o'er the graves of the heroes departed:
Weep, weary world, for the Raven* hath fallen,
And the Eagles† are gather'd together.

Hark to the groans of her widows defenceless!
Hark to her fatherless, moaning in anguish!
Hark to the shout of her ruthless invader:—
"Hurrah! for the Raven lies bleeding!"

See ye the smoke and the flames of her cities!
Hear ye the roar of the dread cannon thunder?
See ye the far-flashing rifles relentless?
Lo, the Raven—the Raven lies bleeding!

Hear ye the voice of the tyrant oppressor,
'Mid the blare of the bugles, "I thank thee, Jehovah!"
God of Denmark! a merciless Eagle invokes thee,
While the Raven—the Raven lies bleeding!

* Denmark. † Austria and Prussia.

The slaves of the Fatherland hover around her,
Countless and vast as the waves of Lofoden,
Waving the war-flag of fetters and thraldom
O'er the land where the Raven lies bleeding!

Spirits of warriors who fought for her glory,
Roused from their death-sleep of silence eternal,
Cry, as the muffled drums roll o'er their graves,
And the trumpets are wailing in sorrow :—

"Oh for the falchion and buckler of Lodbrok!—
Oh for the fierce rushing hordes of the mighty;
And the battle-steeds foaming 'mid death's volley'd thunder!
For the Raven—the Raven lies bleeding!

"Oh for the Flaming Shield—Sea-King of Terror,
That shook the wild ocean, and laugh'd at its fury;
While the Goth fled appall'd from the flash of his banner!
For the Raven—the Raven lies bleeding!"

See ye afar, 'mid the red lurid lightnings,
The giant upheavings of manacled nations?
Hear ye the burning words soaring to heaven :—
"Our country—our country lies bleeding!"

O Thou great Paraclete, mighty and glorious!
Send forth a ray from the Throne of Thy Majesty!
Scatter the despots that mock Thy fierce anger,
And goad Thine own image to madness!

Schamyl! awake! 'tis the horn of Circassia!
Kossuth! the war-trump of Hungary's sounding!
Bossak! all hail thy bright standard of glory!
For Poland—thy Poland lies bleeding!

Sons of the Star-Spangled Banner of Slavery!
Drench'd with the blood of descendants of heroes:
See ye your mightiness shatter'd in twain,
And the hopes of your fathers lie bleeding!

Rouse thee, VICTORIA! fair Mother of Freedom!
Slumbers the pibroch amid thy blue mountains?
Hark! 'tis the Lion of Albion roaring!
For the Raven—the Raven lies bleeding!

Rouse thee, NAPOLEON! the stern and the fearless!
The wrath of whose frown makes the proud nations tremble:
Glory of France! call thy chariots and horsemen!
For the Raven—the Raven lies bleeding!

Rouse thee, IMMANUEL! bright Star of Italia!
Laurel-crown'd monarch! the bugles are sounding!
Rome and Venetia in fetters are sighing;
And the Raven—the Raven lies bleeding!

Warriors of Liberty! hear ye her death-shriek
Sounding afar 'mid the carnage of battle?
Lion of lonely Caprera, arise!
GARIBALDI! the Raven lies bleeding!

ARCHY AN' LIZZIE O' WUDDISLEE.

A LAY OF THE RUSSIAN WAR.

PART I.

"RISE, woman, Lizzie! ye lazy young hizzie!
Happit up there, like an auld pettit doo!
Get up—mak' the parritch—hear Doddie his carritch:
Syne hie to the loanin', and milk the broun coo!

"Hoo aft maun I tell ye? Od, lassie, I'll fell ye!"
Up Lizzie jumpit, as brisk as a bee;
For she'd dreamt that her lover, blithe Archy the drover,
Had met her, an' kiss'd her, doun sweet Wuddislee.

Lizzy was pretty, an' sae was her tittie,
But Lizzie by far was the best o' the twa;
'Twasna lang ere her lover wi' joy did discover,
That his ain comely jo was the queen o' them a'.

Sae she sune made the parritch, heard Doddie his carritch,
When Archy cam' yont, wi' a blink in his ee,
As he cough'd, an' said, "Lizzie!" wi' a sly look at Grizzie,
"There 's a sicht doun yon plantin I 'd like ye to see!

"It's a bonnie young lammie, that moans to its mammy,
For its wee bit leg's broken, an' muckle 's its pain;
An' the puir feckless yowie gangs restless an' dowie:
Od her bleat wad maist melt the hard heart o' a stane!"

But Grizzie, a' pantin', skreech'd, "What is 't ye're wantin'
At this time o' day, ye lang-shankit disgrace?
Tak her out if ye daur! Lassie, *ye'll* fare the waur!
Hech! but I wus an' she 'd ne'er seen yer face!

"Ye fell clooty raker! ye vile halanshaker!
My certy! nae doot but ye think yersel' fine,
Wi' yer proud, empty vapours — yer cuts, an' yer capers,
Hoo daur ye draw up wi' a dochter o' mine?

"What 's that ye 're sayin'? What hae I been daein'?"
Cried Archy, wi' anger as wild as a bear;
"I 've courtit yer dochter, an' lang hae I socht her;
For I 've cam' back an' forrit this sax year an' mair.

"But never—oh never, auld wife, hae I ever,
Till this weary hour got sic usage before.
Let me tell ye my mind:—I' the days o' langsyne,
I hae seen when ye wadna sent *me* to yer door!

"When my ain folk were livin', an' *ye* werena thrivin',
They help'd ye wi' mair than a word o' the mou';
For when auld Tammas dee'd, they brocht baith meal an breid;
An' ye aye got a denty fat bit o' their soo.

"But they 're a' noo awa'!——Weel, gude day to ye a'!
God bless ye, dear Lizzie!" but Lizz couldna speak;
Syne he gied her a glower, as he draw'd tae the door,
An' the lassie sat doun, wi' her heart like to break!

PART II.

Wee Davie Waddie, a white-headit laddie,
Cam' rinnin' a' pechin', an' loud did he roar:
"Open the door, will ye? then I 'll tell'd a' till ye!
Hie! Lizzie Lowrieston! open the door!"

Lizzie flew to the door, when she heard the wild roar,
Cryin', "What 's brocht ye here, ye ill-deedie wee viper?"
Quo' he, "Archy Rodgers's aff wi' the sodgers,
An' the auld sergeant 's fill'd him as fou' as a piper!"

But scarce was he dune, when she heard a fell soun'
O' tootin' an' rowtin' owre plantin' an' lee;
An' sair her heart thrabbit, an' waefu' she sabbit,
When Archy cam' by, wi' a drap in his ee.

Oh proud did he swagger, an' stoiter an' stagger,
Till he saw the tears fa' doun her cheeks like the rain;
Then his manly heart fillin', he show'd her the shillin',
Sayin', "Lizzie, my lass! ye 'll no see me again!

"Sae muckle, auld carline, ye 've made o' yer quarrellin',
But I bear ye nae ill for yer canker an' spleen.
An' ——" he tried to say mair, but the effort was sair,
Sae he shouther'd his bundle, an' dichtit his e'en.

'Spite her mither's command, Lizzie gied him her hand,
An' she bade him fareweel, wi' a look o' despair;
Then fondly an' dearly he kiss'd her sincerely;
An' for mony a lang day Lizzie saw him nae mair!

PART III.

Swift flew the time in a far-distant clime,
An' Archy had glower'd upon mony a queer sicht,
Amang kettle-faced neegurs, where puggies an' teegurs,
An' grim alligators keep folk in a fricht.

Till his regiment o' fame got the route to gang hame,
An' joy sparkled bricht i' the puir sodger's ee;
For she 'd said in a letter, her health ne'er was better,
An' her heart was as true as a true heart could be.

But alas! ere they landit, the Queen countermandit
Their orders, an' mony a puir chield was cast doun;

For the Muscovite Czar had provoked her to war,
An' she ca'd out her sodgers to kittle his croun.

Then oh ! sic a bummin' o' fifin' an' drummin',
As thousands march'd on at the word o' command ;
Sic din an' commotion owre yirth an' owre ocean,
Had hardly been kent o' before i' the land.

For the Northern Birkie had thocht to tak Turkey,
An' aiblins a sneesh frae our Indian mull ;
Sae to end a' his thinkin', sly Nappy gaed linkin'
Wi' Sandy, an' Paddy, an' bauld Johnnie Bull.

'Twas ae nicht in September—if weel I remember—
'Mid lichtnin' an' rain, an' 'mid thunder's loud roar,
That a brave, gallant band, an' the flower o' the land,
Lay cauld under arms on an enemy's shore.

Yet they lookit fu' cheery, though famish'd an' weary ;
Oh soun' was their sleep on the bare, freenless yirth !
Frae faither an' mither—frae sister an' brither—
An' far frae the sea-girdled land o' their birth.

Frae puir wifies lookin'—oh ! unco heart-broken,
Wha grat for the chields some wad never mair see !—
Frae the wee bairnies, bless them ! that aft used to kiss them !
The core o' their bosom, an' pride o' their ee !

But the morn dawns at last, when the bugle's shrill blast
Sees them chargin' for honour, an' glory, an' fame ;

Crash bullet an' shell, rings the wild Russian yell
Frae the HIGHTS o' THE ALMA, mid thunder an' flame!

Noo far owre the field glares the bricht flamin' steel,
While the deadly guns roar 'mang the ranks o' the brave;
An' rifles are flashin' an' begnets are clashin',
As thousands rush on to a cauld bluidy grave.

'Mid the Muscovite cannon, a braw kiltie 's stannin',
Whase valour strikes dread 'mang the serfs i' the van;
For he fechts, an' he thunders, till ilka ane wonders,
An' think him a deevil instead o' a man.

Sair pechs ilka loon, as he peppers them doun,
Till a sword 's through his side; an' a tear fills his ee,
As, fentin' an' dizzy, he thinks on dear Lizzie,
An' the bonnie green plantins o' sweet Wuddislee!

The foemen are fleein'—he thinks himsel' deein',
As, cover'd wi' bluid, an' sair rackit wi' pain,
He cries, wi' a shiver: "Sir Colin for ever!"
Then fa's wi' a groan 'mang the woundit an' slain.

PART IV.

Dowie an' eerie—sad, listless, an' weary,
Puir Lizzie lived on, thinkin' aye on the past;

Till Hope's gowden blossom droop'd low in her bosom,
An' her saft bloomin' roses were witherin' fast.

For a month sin' the day o' that stern, bluidy fray,
She had heard that her lover had fa'en on the fiel';
An' she grat unco sair owre a lock o' his hair,
For the bonnie bit lassie had likit him weel.

An' to mak' the thing waur, word cam' frae afar,
That an uncle o' Archy's, an auld batchyleer,
Had dee'd, honest man, rich in houses an' lan',
An' left him a guid twa-three hunder a-year.

Syne the pawky auld mither changed her tune a'thegither,
An' spak o' the chield she ance liked to misca',
Wi' a moan, an' a groan, an' an unco "Ohon!
Puir duggie! he wasna sae ill after a'!"

Sae the time slipt awa', till the frost an' the snaw
Gart a' comely nature look cheerless an' drear;
An' cauld sough'd the blast owre the bleak, lanely waste,
As heavily dwined the last nicht o' the year.

Thro' the plantins sae eerie flew the robin fu' weary,
As his wee mate sat cauld on the snaw-cover'd tree,
Far doun i' the loanin'; while houlets were moanin'
'Mang the dark, dreary ruins o' auld Wuddislee.

Bonnie Lizzie lay dreamin', the tears saftly streamin'
Doun her cheeks, like twa lilies a' drouket wi' dew;
For the puir lassie's mind was awa' wi' langsyne,
When the callant had ta'en the last kiss o' her mou'.

But her mother lay girnin', an' fidgin' an' turnin',
For sleep wadna bless the dour body ava;
Sae she raise in great anger—she couldna thole't langer,
An' lichtin' her cutty, sat doun for a blaw.

As Grizzie sat smokin'—thrang knittin' a stockin'
By the licht o' the ingle, for caunel was dear—
Haith the cat gied a yowl, an' the dowg gied a growl,
As Broun Danny, the clock, rung the end o' the year.

Then a bang at the door made her start to the floor,
An' unco dementit, she socht for a licht,
As she stammer'd, a' shaken: "Rise, ne'er-do-weels!——
waken!——
Hie!——wha's that at our door at this time o'
nicht!"

"It 's me!" cried a voice. Up got Lizz in a trice,
A' gaspin', syne on wi' her goun in a jiffie;
Then awa' to the glass for a keek at her face,
While to thraw roun' the key gied the donnert auld
wifie.

Happit up to the chin, a braw chield steppit in,
Wi' a sonsy, fair face, as the licht on him fell;

Soon the lassie was press'd wi' a kiss to his breast,
Cryin', "O mither! mither! it 's Archy himsel'!"

"A Happy New Year, my ain Lizzie dear!
An' mony a ane here may we a' see thegither!"
He cheerily said, as he threw aff his plaid,
Syne kiss'd her again—deil-may-care for her mither!

"My warst days are past, for I 'm wi' ye at last:
Oh ne'er will I leave ye, while life gies me breath.
I 'll keep ye fu' cheery, my ain darlin' dearie,
An' naething 'll part us, my dawtie, but death!

"When bullets were fleein', an' thousands were deein',
An' battle raged wild on the red bluidy plain;
Frae the sword o' the foe a fell thrust laid me low,
An' I ne'er thocht to see my sweet lassie again.

"But the bricht doctor chiels, wi' their plaisters an' pills,
An' their dreich pouther nostrums sae frichtfu' to name,
Wi' the skill o' their trade brocht me sune owre the bed;
Then fondly I thocht on my Lizzie at hame.

"Syne I 'd scarcely got better, when in cam' a letter,
That an auld freen had dee'd, an' had made me his heir;
Sae wi' heart fu' o' glee, an' bricht joy i' my ee,
I got up my discharge—I 'm a sodger nae mair.

"I'm hale, an' I'm healthy; an' thank God, I'm wealthy:
I'll mak' ye, dear Lizzie, my bonnie wee wife:
The gowden ring's ready: ye'll soon be a leddy,
An' cosy an' braw a' the days o' yer life!"

Puir Lizzie sat smilin'—wi' joy her heart fillin'—
She blush'd, syne look'd doun, kennin' nocht what to dae;
An' aye as he press'd her, an' dawtit an' kiss'd her,
"Toots! gie owre wi' yer nonsense!" was a' she could say.

Surprised an' dumfounder'd, the auld body wonder'd,
As her bottle sae mensefu', an' bannocks sae denty,
She brocht out to pree, wi' an unco "Losh me!——
Od, laddie, I'm sure I wad hardly hae kent ye!"

Puddins are toastin'—haddies are roastin'—
Ham-an'-egg's fryin', richt pleasant to see:
Archy, fu' cheery, sits doun wi' his dearie,
An' auld Lucky Lowrieston pours out the tea!

Ere the daft days were past, cam' the waddin at last:
Oh, grand was the bridegroom, an' gay was the bride;
An' proud was her mither to see gaun thegither
The happiest twa i' the hale kintra-side.

Sic feastin' an' stechin'—sic drinkin' an' pechin'—
Sic singin' an' dancin'—sic rollickin' glee—

Sic jokin' an' daffin'—sic roarin' an' laughin'—
Was ne'er before kent o' in auld Wuddislee.

Oh lang be they happy, an' fu' be their cappy;
An' soon come the time when the laird's sonsy leddy
Shall add to his pleasure a bonnie wee treasure,
The very drawn picture an' pride o' its deddy!

HELPLESS PHEMIE.*

Helpless Phemie! puir wee orphan!
Freenless, feckless, bonnie wean!
Blae her cheekies, cauld her feetie,
Hirplin' through the streets her lane!

Canna see a styme, puir lassie!
Wee bit leggie unco lame!
Oh tak' pity on an orphan,
Ye wha hae a cosy hame!

Faither—cruel, cruel faither,
Ran awa ae wintry morn:
Mither—broken-heartit mither,
Dee'd the nicht that she was born!

Oh the bitter thocht o' pairtin'
Frae her helpless bairn sae wee,
Ere she sunk in death's cauld slumber—
Ere she closed a mither's ee!

Mony a mile puir Phemie wanders:
Bare an' scanty is her store.
Sad the freenless, feckless orphan,
Noo maun beg frae door to door!

* Music by William Lewis.

Canna see a styme, puir lassie!
Wee bit leggie unco lame!
Oh tak pity on an orphan,
Ye wha hae a cosy hame!

MY AULD TRUE LOVE.

I 'M thinkin' on thy face, love,
Sae comely, an' sae fair;
I 'm thinkin' on the cherry lips
That I maun kiss nae mair!
I 'm thinkin' on yon last fond tryst,
When sad we baith sat doun
By bonnie Loudon's crystal burn
I' the flowery month o' June.

Sae fond thou look'd on me, love,
But couldna—couldna speak:
The bitter tear was in thine ee,
Thy heart was like to break.
I never blamed the thocht, love,
That gied thy bosom pain;
For weel I kent, my bonnie quean,
Thy heart was a' my ain!

'Twas thy ain faither dear, love,
That made thee weep for me;
For sichtless was the puir auld man,
An' a' he had was thee.

Oh a' he had was thee, love,
His lanely hame to share;
An' oh! it wasna in thy heart
To grieve his auld gray hair!

We left the burnie side, love,
My haun' was clasp'd in thine:
A heavy thocht lay in thy breast—
A heavy thocht in mine!
I couldna say fareweel, love;
For oh! my heart was sair
To think I 'd see thy ain dear face—
Thy comely face nae mair!

MARY IN THE VALLEY.*

She linger'd at the door o' her auld faither's hame—
Green grows the aik on the braes o' Craigmaillie;
An' the ingle burn'd bricht wi' a bonnie, bonnie flame,
But the wind blaws keen i' the lanely valley!

"O mither, tak' me in; for I 'm wearied, an' I 'm cauld!"
Green grows the aik on the braes o' Craigmaillie;
But she heard nae gentle voice, save the yowies i' the fauld,
An' the wind blaws keen i' the lanely valley!

"Lie still, lie still, my wee thing! oh lie thee still an' rest!"
Green grows the aik on the braes o' Craigmaillie—
Sad she gied awa', wi' her bairnie at her breast;
An' the wind blaws keen i' the lanely valley!

Sweet sang a voice frae the bonnie siller moon—
Green grows the aik on the braes o' Craigmaillie—
"There 's a cosy ingle-side for the weary heart abune!"
An' the wind blaws keen i' the lanely valley!

* Music by William Watson.

Kindly an' bricht shone the starnies as she past—
Green grows the aik on the braes o' Craigmaillie—
Wi' her lammie in her bosom, her heart breakin' fast;
An' the wind blaws keen i' the lanely valley!

Oh saft swells the mournfu' dirge owre dewy hill an' plain—
Green grows the aik on the braes o' Craigmaillie—
Low the burnie murmurs a bonnie, bonnie strain,
As peacefu' she sleeps i' the lanely valley!

ACHORA MACHREE.*

ERIN, fair emerald gem of the ocean!
I lave ye wid sorrow, my counthry asthore.
Fill'd is this breast wid an honest emotion,
For the land that I love I will never see more.
Slowly the vessel goes down the swate river:
The sails are unfurl'd, and the wind 's blowing free:
Core of my weeping heart! bless thee for ever!
Dear home of my fathers, achora machree!

Oh for the voice that I ever hear sighing!
Oh for the grave where the willows entwine!
Lonely the snowy white bosom that 's lying,
And cowld the dear heart that throbb'd fondly to mine!
Wherever I wander, her golden hair's sthraming!
And she smiles wid the owld sunny smile upon me!
Oh harp of my counthry! strike soft while she 's dhraming;
And sing to her kindly, achora machree!

Erin, alanna! the dark mists are falling:
Loudly the foaming wave bids me depart:

* Music by J. S. Geikie.

Yet ever fondly thy beauty recalling,
Wildly the billows roll over my heart!
Farewell to the trusty boys, fearless of danger—
Farewell to the cabin I 'll never more see!
Cowld is the far-distant land of the sthranger!
Erin mavourneeine! achora machree!

I'LL SING, MY LOVE, OF THEE.*

SERENADE.

WHILE silver radiance crowns the silent vale,
And flocks on distant hills in stillness lie—
While waters murmur in the moonlight pale,
And through the waving elms soft zephyrs sigh—
Oh hear, sweet maiden! hear!
'Tis the warbling bird of love,
Whose notes of gushing melody
Awake the purple grove;
With rapture fond adoring
His mate on leafy tree;
And so, like sweetest nightingale,
I'll sing, my love, of thee!

Faint voices trembling in the balmy air
With joyous harmony, his praise prolong;
And blooming flow'rets waft, with fragrance rare,
Ambrosial odours to the prince of song.
Oh hear, sweet maiden! hear!
Soft swell the glorious strains

* Music by Alfred Stella.

O'er crystal streamlets, sylvan bowers,
And rosy blossom'd plains.
'Tis Philomel adoring
His bride on waving tree;
And so, like sweetest nightingale,
I'll sing, my love, of thee!

THE BOGLE O' THE EERIE LOANIN'.

A LEGEND.

ONCE upon a time, says an old tradition, there resided in the vicinity of Borrowstounness—a sea-port town in Linlithgowshire—a beautiful lady of rank, named Lilias Lilburn, who had unfortunately formed an attachment to a domestic of her father's household—an attachment which had been attended with disastrous consequences. The favoured swain was said to be a youth of comely exterior, and great personal prowess; and frequently expostulated with his mistress on the desirability of hallowing their union by a secret marriage. But pride of birth, and the fear of degradation, rendered her averse to this step; and she buried herself, for a time, in the strictest seclusion. One evening, in a state of great mental disquietude, she wandered a short distance to a favourite tree in the woods of Kinneil, to keep tryst with her menial lover, who again upbraided her for her obstinacy. A violent altercation ensued, and in an ungovernable excess of passion, he stabbed her to the heart with a poniard. Her lifeless remains were afterwards discovered in a sequestered dell, or "loanin'," in Bo'ness, whither the murderer had conveyed the body, in order, it was said, to elude suspicion. It was averred by the inhabitants that her phantom haunted the spot for many a year afterwards, and would not be propitiated, or "laid," unless the murderer were discovered, and brought to justice. But the wish of the avenging ghost was destined never to be realised on this side of time; and, indeed, the tradition itself has now almost faded from remembrance. But at that period, when faith in witches and ap-

paritions constituted a fundamental article of popular belief, woe betide the luckless mariner or daring smuggler, especially on evenings when the sea was rough and the wind tempestuous, should they encounter, in their nocturnal rambles, "Leddy Lilburn's Ghaist," or, as she was more commonly called, "The Bogle o' the Eerie Loanin!" for if on the eve of a voyage, it was reckoned an omen of fatal portent; and the only means by which the ill-starred skipper could avert the impending catastrophe was in delaying the hour of embarkation. In no less grievous plight was the matron or maiden whose doom it might be to hear the wail of this restless spirit: the death of husband or lover was considered certain to follow. This relation may serve to account, in some measure, for the superstitious terror manifested by the heroine of the following legend:—

PART I.

CAULD in his dreary shroud o' snaw,
Dark Winter closed his icy ee,
An' Spring, in a' her vernal bloom,
Cam' saftly smilin' owre the lea,

A' shinin' in her robes sae green,
Enwreath'd wi' mony a flow'ret fair;
While cushets moaned in lanely dells,
An' balmy fragrance filled the air.

Amang the shaws o' auld Kinneil,
The blackbird sang fu' bonnilie,
As young guidman an' young guidwife
Sat doun by Leddy Lilburn's tree.

A winsome lass was Katie Glen,
A strappin' chield was Jamie Gray:
Their marrows twa ye wadna seen
In mony a lee-lang simmer's day.

But twa short weeks had they been wed—
Oh hinnied bliss beyond compare!—
But twa short weeks had they been wed,
An' Katie's heart was unco sair;

For Jamie was a sailor lad,
An' Jamie's breid lay on the sea;
An' dowie was the honest chield
To see the tear in Katie's ee!

"Oh dinna greet, sweet wife o' mine!—
Frae snawy Greenland's roarin' main
I 'll soon be back, my bonnie quean,
To tak ye i' my arms again;

"Wi' yellow gowd in ilka haun',
To buy ye silks an' satins rare,
An' corals for yer lily neck,
An' pearly gems to deck yer hair."

"Oh tell me na, my Jamie dear,
Ye 're boun' for Greenland's roarin' main;
An' tell me na that ye 'll come back;
For oh! I 'll see ye ne'er again!

"Far doun the dreary Bog* yestreen,
I heard the lanely houlet moanin',
An' loudly wail'd abune the blast
The Bogle o' the Eerie Loanin';

"An' aye, wi' ilka mournfu' sough,
I heard the ghaist o' Lillie say—
'Fareweel to him that won thy heart!—
Alack for winsome Jamie Gray!'"

PART II.

Amang the shaws o' auld Kinneil
The blackbird sang fu' bonnilie,
As young guidman an' young guidwife
Shook haun's at Leddy Lilburn's tree.

The queen o' nicht gaed owre the hills—
The sun rose bonnie owre the sea—
The whaler spread her snaw-white sails—
The sea-maw scream'd in noisy glee.

He 's ta'en her in his arms sae fond—
Their tears are fa'in like the rain—
He 's gane—an' noo he 's i' the shrouds;
But duty canna ease his pain!

* An old favourite walk in Bo'ness.

The ship gaed bravely frae the shore,
Though loudly roar'd the foamin' sea—
The ship gaed cheery frae the shore,
But Katie stood wi' tearfu' ee;

Till a' was dim but ae wee speck,
Then eerie fell the words sae wae—
"Fareweel to him that won thy heart!—
Alack for winsome Jamie Gray!"

Dowie sped the time sae lanely,
Till a year had gane, an' mair:
Jamie's wife was noo a mither—
Bonnie was the bairn, an' fair.

Lang she sat, baith late an' early,
Wi' a weary, fadin' frame,
Gazin' wistfu' owre the water,
For the ship sae far frae hame.

'Twas on a dark an' rainy nicht,
As Katie sat, wi' heavy ee,
List'nin' to the awsome blast
That howl'd alang the surgin' sea.

"Oh sleep, my bairn!" she fondly cried—
"Oh sleep, my puir wee waukrife wean!
For dowie is thy mither's heart,
Wi' thinkin' aye on him that's gane!

"Far doun yon dreary Bog yestreen,
I heard the lanely houlet moanin';
An' loudly wail'd abune the blast
The Bogle o' the Eerie Loanin'.

"An' aye, wi' ilka mournfu' sough,
I heard the ghaist o' Lillie say—
'Fareweel to him that won thy heart!—
Alack for winsome Jamie Gray!'

"Oh sleep, my puir wee croodlin' doo!
Oh sleep, my troutie o' the burn!
Thy bonnie face but maks me wae—
Thy cheery smile but maks me mourn!

"This weary web maun I tambour,*
An' sair 's thae feckless haun's o' mine;
Sae sleep thee soun', my darlin' pet,
Or sma' will be my fare an' thine!"

Scarce had she spak, when sudden soun'
O' something weirdly rustled near;
An' lookin' roun', wi' startled ee,
She swarf'd amaist, wi' sick'nin' fear.

* The art of tambouring, or embroidering cloth, was for many years the principal occupation of women and girls in seaport towns. It has been long since almost entirely superseded by machinery.

A shrouded form, wi' haggard face,
Cam' saftly where her bairnie lay;
Then disappear'd, wi' wail o' woe—
"Fareweel to winsome Jamie Gray!"

But hark! the roar o' signal gun!
An' lo! the flash owre foamin' wave!
Alack the ship in sic a storm,
Wi' a' her hardy hearts sae brave!

Doun gaed Katie, wildly screamin',
Lang she look'd wi' wistfu' ee:
High she held her bouet* gleamin'—
Nocht, alas! could Katie see!

Till the lichtnin's flame o' terror
Show'd the ship sae near at hame—
Jamie's ship—the brave auld whaler—
Rowin' mid the saut sea faem!

"Oh wha will daur the blast that 's roarin'—
Oh wha will stem the gurly sea—
Oh wha 'll bring in yon brave auld whaler,
Wi' snaw-white breakers on her lee!"

Out spak sturdy Huie Campbell,
Stalwart, buirdly Pilot Hugh—
Nane sae brave in time o' danger,
Nane sae honest, kind, an' true—

* *Bouet*—a lantern.

"Hy! Geordie Sorlie! Jamie Maxwell!
Hy! Sandy Cowie! Robbie Gless!
Fill in—fill in, my hearts sae jolly,
An' pull an oar for auld Bo'ness!

"For we will daur the blast that 's roarin',
An' we will stem the gurly sea;
An' we 'll bring in yon brave auld whaler,
Wi' snaw-white breakers on her lee!

"Pull on—yo ho!—my boys sae merry!—
Pull on, my hardy hearts o' corn!—
Pull on—yo ho!—my boys sae cheery;
An' stout 's the can ye 'll pree the morn!

"Hurrah! we've daur'd the blast that 's roarin'!—
Hurrah! we 've stemm 'd the gurly sea!—
Hurrah! we 've saved the brave auld whaler!
Nae mair the rocks are on her lee!"

An' there she staun's, in wild despair,
A' droukit wi' the blindin' spray:
Her puir wee laddie 's greetin' sair—
She canna tear hersel' away!

Her ee 's upon the brave wee boat,
Till lost amid the snawy faem—
Her heart 's upon the auld "Bo'ness,"—
Her Jamie's ship, sae near at hame!

An' aye she sees the dreary Bog,
Where sits the lanely houlet moanin';
An' aye she hears, wi' shiverin' groan,
The Bogle o' the Eerie Loanin'!

Till loud there rings a wild "Hurrah!"
Abune the tempest's gruesome roar:
"He 's safe!—my Jamie's safe!" she cries,
Then helpless sinks upon the shore!

PART III.

Amang the shaws o' auld Kinneil,
The blackbird sang fu' bonnilie,
As young gudeman an' young gudewife
Sat doun by Leddy Lilburn's tree.

Sweet smell'd the rose, an' thorny brier—
Blossom'd the cowslip, bathed wi' dew—
Saft was the cushet's am'rous sang,
As fondly to his mate he flew.

Bricht rose the sun owre sweet Kinneil—
Blithe sang the lintie on the thorn—
Hush'd was the soun' o' roarin' sea,
An' licht the breeze frae auld Kinghorn.

The tod gaed slinkin' by the burn,
Nae ferlie that he didna flee—
The paitrick whirr'd alang the sward—
The hare gaed limpin' owre the lea.

The hawkit crummie chew'd her cude,
Fu' cosy i' the hawthorn shade—
The yowie gied a tender bleat,
Syne socht her lammie doun the glade.

Contentment reign'd in Jamie's breast,
The tear o' joy was in his ee;
His arm was roun' his Katie's waist—
A rosy wean was on his knee.

An' she 's got gowd in ilka haun,
An' she 's got silks an' satins rare;
Wi' corals roun' her lily neck,
An' pearly gems amang her hair.

"An' wilt thou say, my winsome Kate,
That thou nae mair will grieve for me,
When I 'm upon the stormy ocean,—
Mony a weary mile frae thee?"

"O Jamie! hard 's the word to say;
But say 't I will, to cheer thy heart:
Yet oh! the sorrow 's sair to thole,
When twa sae fond again maun part!

"But I will kiss my bonnie bairn,
An' I will dry my tearfu' ee;
For God will guard his faither dear,
An' send him safely back to me!"

Mony a year went by fu' happy,—
Katie was a canty dame:
Aft the whaler sail'd the ocean,—
Jamie aye cam cheery hame.

Jamie's noo a wealthy skipper,—
Sails a sloopie o' his ain:
Katie's noo a sonsy leddy,—
Blest wi' mony a bonnie wean!

Nae mair she wanders doun the Bog,
Where sits the lanely houlet moanin'—
Nae mair she hears, wi' shiverin' groan,
The Bogle o' the Eerie Loanin'!

FRANCE, TO THE RHINE!

Lo! the cries of the nations in terror are blending!
Lo! the red God of War in his triumph 's descending!
Hear ye the Eagles o'er Germany screaming?—
See ye the eye of the Dane brightly beaming?
To the Rhine! to the Rhine! to the Rhine!
Advance, sons of France, to the Rhine!

Afar Retribution's dark banners are flying—
King frowns on Kaiser, relentless—defying.
Strike, Justice! strike the proud robbers asunder!
All hail to the roar of the deep cannon-thunder!
To the Rhine! to the Rhine! to the Rhine!
Advance, sons of France, to the Rhine!

Hark to the trumpet of Italy sounding!
Far o'er the fields of her glory resounding.
Loud rolls the drum while the standards are waving!
Fierce bounds the battle-steed, death ever braving!
To the Rhine! to the Rhine! to the Rhine!
Advance, sons of France, to the Rhine!

Lo! Freedom shouts, while her flag's ever soaring—
"Vengeance for Denmark!" her sorrows deploring.
"Vengeance for Poland's brave sons and fair daughters!
Vengeance for Rome, and the Queen of the Waters!"
To the Rhine! to the Rhine! to the Rhine!
Advance, sons of France, to the Rhine!

(1866.)

THE SUNLICHT HAIR O' LUIE.

Oh white as snaw-drap is her broo,
An' sparklin' are her starry een;
An' sweeter mou' o' coral dye,
An' bonnier face, were never seen;
But oh! her locks o' dazzlin' sheen—
The sunlicht hair o' Luie!

Like radiant beam o' gowden hue,
It thrills wi' joy this heart o' mine;
An' aye the langer I admire
A sicht sae lovely—sae divine,
Yet fairer shines, sae silken fine,
The sunlicht hair o' Luie!

Wi' noiseless tread o' lily feet,
She floats amid the fragrant bowers,
Or by the moaning wave she sleeps
Sae guileless through the silent hours;
While angels twine, wi' wreaths o' flowers,
The sunlicht hair o' Luie!

At sicht o' Luie's sunlicht hair,
The bird sings bonnier on the tree;
Wi' balmier breath the zephyr sighs;
The lamb bleats safter on the lea;
For oh! they joy fu' sweet to see
The sunlicht hair o' Luie!

Sae kindly thrabs her flutterin' heart,
Nae sadfu' plaint she ever hears,
But aye the wee hand 's oot to help,
As doonward fa' the crystal tears;
While like a glory bricht appears
The sunlicht hair o' Luie!

My bonnie quean, sae young an' fair,
Far frae thy breast be dule an' pain:
May He that bless'd the pure on earth,
Aye guard thee through life's thorny plain;
Syne waft, where joys eternal reign,
The guileless soul o' Luie!

THE HERIOT MARCH.

AS SUNG BY THE CHILDREN OF THE OUT-DOOR HERIOT SCHOOLS.

WHILE gratitude fills every breast, and happy faces shine,—
While Mem'ry twines her laurel wreath round Heriot's hallow'd shrine,
Come swell the gladd'ning strain,
Again, and yet again!
Awake the cheerful song of praise!—let youthful rapture reign!
For loving was his noble heart, and bountiful his hand,
Whose honour'd name shall long adorn the annals of our land!

'Mid honest Labour's humble homes, his Temples, wide-renown'd,
Like oaks amid the forest grove, tower gracefully around;
While Learning's golden smile
Beams o'er the cultured soil,
To foster, with her gentle light, the lowly flowers of toil!

Oh sweetly may they blossom fair in Virtue's kindly shade,
And may the star of Wisdom shine, ere all their beauties fade!

Now while our Founder's cherish'd worth each youthful breast inspires,
March on, with steady step and true, like sons of hardy sires!
A cheer!—a joyful cheer,
For Heriot's name so dear!
Oh fondly, in our grateful hearts, that name we will revere!
For while old Scotia rears her crest, majestic and serene,
His fame, immortal as her own, shall flourish ever green!

AWAKE! YE GALLANT POLES, AWAKE!

WRITTEN IN 1863.

"AWAKE! ye gallant Poles, awake!" the sacred words are spoken
By myriad voices loud and deep, where'er your wrongs are known.
Awake! ye gallant Poles, awake! your hearts are yet unbroken,
Despite the power of ruthless Czar to claim ye for his own.
Lo! the heroes of the world
Hail your flag again unfurl'd;
And their prayers are swift ascending to the great Jehovah's Throne!

Awake! ye gallant Poles, awake! heed not the tyrant's thunder,
That perishes before the blast of Freedom's trumpet-call;
A mightier King hath fill'd his soul with panic, fear, and wonder,
As the red right arm of Langiewicz redeems ye from his thrall.

Awake o'er all the land!
See the smoke of flaming brand!
Hark! the shriek of martyr'd thousands, as they mercilessly fall!

Awake! ye gallant Poles, awake! though Prussia's despot hoary
Hath aided, in his dastard pride, Sarmatia's haughty lord;
Stern justice frowns on all his golden dreams of kingly glory,
And the scorn of mighty nations greets his lofty sounding word.
Oh pause thee, royal sire,
Ere vengeance swift and dire
O'ertakes thy boasted Right Divine with terror, fire, and sword!

Awake! ye gallant Poles, awake! while Austrian drums are sounding,
To still the Kaiser's throbbing breast, as, trembling and aghast,
He knows at every charging cheer Hungarian hearts are bounding,
As memories of deadly wrongs come crowding thick and fast.
Lo! Italia's sons of fame
Hail your might with loud acclaim;
For the rosy morn of liberty is smiling fair at last!

Awake! ye gallant Poles, awake! while hostile cannon's roaring,
Strike home!—strike home!—Sobieski calls!—with sabre, scythe, and lance;—
High o'er the rolling western main, see Gallia's eagle soaring!
Her brave and warlike nation bids your dauntless bands advance;
From each valiant son and sire,
Breathing words of sacred fire;
To the Iron Man of Mystery who rules the hearts of France!

Awake! ye gallant Poles, awake! while Albion's cliffs are rending
With shouts for Albert-Edward, and his royal Danish bride;
'Mid piercing peals of nuptial bells, a cry for Poland's blending,
And the thunder of that British cheer's resounding far and wide.
Then rouse thee, injured land!
Take courage, heart and hand!
And crush the tyrant Despot in the zenith of his pride!

ROSALIE'S WRAITH.

Fu' saft the dewy gloamin' fell,
For daylicht fast was dwinin',
An' sune owre broomy hill an' haugh,
The star o' nicht was shinin';
When doun a darksome, weirdly glen,
Fast by a lanely sheilin',
The wraith o' bonnie Rosalie
Gaed sad an' mournfu' wailin'.

It moan'd fu' lang to the glimmerin' moon,
"Oh waes my heart, I 'm weary;
For doun yon linn, wi' Percie's scorn,
I 'm lyin' cauld an' dreary!
He vowed at Mary's holy shrine,
I ne'er wad be forsaken;
But dowie waves the heather bell,
An' cheerless sighs the braiken!"

It moan'd fu' lang to the glimmerin' moon,
"Oh waes my heart, I 'm weary;
For doun yon linn, in silken shroud,
I 'm lyin' cauld an' dreary!

Oh reuthless was the perjured knight,
That left me for anither;
An' cruel was my faither's hate,
An' heartless was my mither!"

A mist cam' owre the starry lift—
The abbey bell jowed eerie:
But aye the wanderin' spirit cried,
"Oh waes my heart, I'm weary!"
An' as it faded through the glen,
It saftly wail'd, "Forsaken!"
An' dowie waved the heather bell,
An' cheerless sigh'd the braiken!

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] * sat enthroned i' the Presbytrie,
In the hyre o' exalted place:
An' a stern wae man was this super auld Paip,
Wi' the frowning grave face
Owre his head black Bigotrie's scutcheon hung,
In sovereign baleful behauve.
While around him stood ranked in seraphic pride,
The monks: the Black Alliance.

He glower'd on the rays o' fraternal joys,
Wi' a shepherd's gravity an':
An' he said wi' a saft Sabbatarian sigh,
"O, wha was e'er blest like me!
For they're gentle an' meek an' they're tame, tame, tame,
As befits their fine condition:
An' they dauma dispute my sovereign will,
Like the rams o' the Opposition!"†

"Wha'll bring me guid news!" ask'd the Paip wi' a groan—
"Wha'll bring me the news I lo'e best!"
"Braw news frae the East," cried a monk, wi' a howl
That was follow'd by a' the rest—

* The principle of intolerance is here personified.
† Established Churchmen are here supposed to be meant.

"The sceptical goats are rampagin' wild
As the waves i' the Bay o' Fundy,
To nibble the ferns o' Inverleith,
An' mak' it a howff for Sunday!" *

But the Paip said, "Na! this never sall be:
Haste, haste ye wi' this Petition,
An' mak' the flocks sign, for they 're tame, tame, tame,
As befits their fine condition!"
Sae they sign'd, an' they sign'd, some twice an' some thrice,
By command o' sic great authority;
An' the monks scaur'd awa' the wild goats i' the East,
Wi' a bonnie hech-how majority.

"Wha 'll bring me guid news?" ask'd the Paip wi' a groan—
"Wha 'll bring me the news I lo'e best?"
"Mair news frae the East," cried a monk, wi' a howl
That was follow'd by a' the rest—
"Doun i' yon sea, where the wild waves row,
Braw stately ships † are liggin',
Wi' ungodly skippers, ungodly crews,
And ungodly masts an' riggin'!

* A memorial, praying for the opening of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Inverleith Row on Sundays, was presented to the House of Commons in 1863, signed by many thousands of the adult male population of Edinburgh. This was met by a petition against the opening, got up under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance.

† The Channel Fleet, that anchored in Leith Roads for a few days in the summer of 1863.

"An' they 've gien to this godly, chaste, sober land,
A deevlish profane invitation,
To mak' the best day for yer faithfu' slaves
A day o' abhorr'd recreation.
Oh please yer Sanctity, warn in time
The careless and sluggardly sleepers;
Or the faulds 'll be empty, wi' nocht for us a'
But poverty, crape, an' weepers!"

Then the Paip turn'd blue i' the face, wi' a roar
That micht hae been heard at Ratho—
"Let them wha daur to gang there that day
Be Anathema Maranatha!
"Grow black, O sun! descend, O rain!
Flash, lichtnin'! O thunder, roar!
Blaw, Boreas! blaw wi' yer deadliest force,
As never ye blew before!"

But the wind blew saft, an' the sun shone bricht
I' the cloudless simmer sky;
An' the goats gaed awa' wi' the shepherdless tups,
An' the bonnie braw yows forbye;
An' they saw, wi' a thrill o' affectionate pride,
The bulwarks o' Britain's fame,
Weel mann'd by the micht o' the warrior hearts
That focht for her glorious name.

An' they heard nae blasphemous oath or jest,
As the monks had foretauld in their blindness;
But the sermon imprinted on ilka true heart
Was the beauty o' britherly kindness.

An' the wisdom an' skill o' the Great Supreme,
As displayed in His works o' creation,
Impress'd them wi' fervour mair deeply, I ween,
Than a dreary twa-hours' oration.

"Wha 'll bring me guid news?" ask'd the Paip wi' a groan—
"Wha 'll bring me the news I lo'e best?"
"Braw news frae the West," cried a monk, wi' a howl
That was follow'd by a' the rest—
"The birkies are pantin' for fine fresh air
By the Train or the Boat on Sunday."
"Na!" yelloch'd the Paip, "by the mass an' the rood,
Let them tak fresh air on Monday!

"Bid the puir man trudge to the puir man's kirk,
When the sacred hour approaches;
But aye for the guid o' the righteous cause,
Gie the rich their cabs an' coaches.
An' mind ye compel yer servants a'—
Ilk vile and ungodly sinner—
To gang to the fauld three times that day,
Save the cook for the Sunday's denner!"

"Wha 'll bring me guid news?" ask'd the Paip wi' a groan—
"Wha 'll bring me the news I lo'e best?"
"Braw news frae the North," cried a monk, wi' a howl
That was follow'd by a' the rest—

"There 's a sonsy braw cairn 'mang the green Highland hills,
Wi' something that 's no orthodox—*
Eneuch to bring doun ony star wi' a tail,
An' wauken the ghost o' John Knox!"

"*Miserere mei!*" his Holiness yell'd,
Wi' a look that was frichtsome to see;
"I 'll punish the cauld-water, heretic dowgs,
Wi' their morals sae pawky an' slee.
I 'll bring in the fine auld screws an' racks,
An' the faggots for a' sic gentry;
Wi' the jougs for snools, an' the braw cutty-stools,
That ance were the pride o' the kintry!"

"Wha 'll bring me guid news?" ask'd the Paip wi' a groan—
"Wha 'll bring me the news I lo'e best?"
"Braw news frae the South," cried a monk, wi' a howl
That was follow'd by a' the rest—
"They say that the bitter sectarian strife
O' yer tribe 's an abomination;
That ye 're bringin' disgrace on auld Scotland's name,
Wi' yer gabble o' 'Desecration!'"

Then the Paip stood up i' the Presbytrie,
An' he cried, wi' a scowl, "Confusion
To the backslidin' monks o' the Southron fauld—
Believers in rank delusion!

* The inscription on the cairn near Balmoral, in memory of the Prince Consort, was strongly denounced in the Free Church Assembly as savouring of heresy.

I 'll gie them a claught mair siccar an' stour,
When a brave, sturdy flock i' the nation
Sall be a' swallow'd up i' my ain braw pen,
In a joyfu' amalgamation.

" Then woe to the tether'd Erastian rams,
Wi' their godless dragoons at their back!
An' woe to the nowte o' the deil's ain byre,
Wha pleasure on Sundays tak'!
For pulpit terror an' pulpit lash
Sall fail or desert us never;
An' the banners o' Bigotrie, Cant, an' Greed
Sall wave in our front for ever!"

GRINDER GRAB-ALL'S SOLILOQUY.

How languidly, this Sabbath eve,
On bed of down I lie,
While softly, through my garden bowers,
Sweet balmy zephyrs sigh!
How oft, with tossing fretfulness,
I strive to sleep at will,
While white-robed angels whisper low,
"Peace, gentle heart, be still!"

Oh hear my cry, dear Providence!
For all Thy blessings given,
Accept my thanks; but grant me *sleep*,
For love of gentle Heaven!—
Alas! in vain are all my prayers—
In vain my earnest cry!
Oh! was there ever in this world
More hapless saint than I!

Away! away! thou Still Small Voice,
That doth me so annoy;
Thou poisoner of my golden sweets,
Thou curse of all my joy!

Away! away! thou Still Small Voice,
That cries through live-long nights—
"Thou murderer of the poor man's hearth!
Thou trampler on his rights!

"Thou grim Slave-Driver, dark and false!—
Thou Wind-Bag of deception!—
With all thy grand hypocrisies,
That mock mere word-description;—
While men of just and upright mind,
Who scorn thy lust for gold,
By thy sheer knavish villainy,
Are undermined and sold.

"Thou hast a mansion, rich with all
That dear-bought wealth can give;
And oft thou whisp'rest, in thy pride,
Soul, take thine ease, and live!
But say with all thy luxuries,
Poor wretch! if thou canst *sleep*,
With load upon thy heart enough
To make a devil weep!"

Away, thou Still Small Voice!—away
Thy vile exaggeration—
Thy frenzied, hollow mumurings
Of vengeful accusation.
I've only done what *others* do—
A daily, hourly fact;
And won sweet fortune's eminence
By *cleverness* and *tact!*

O Heaven, grant sleep, that I might dream
Of missions among savages;—
Of ponderous, long subscription-lists,
To aid them in their ravages;
Or some congenial project fine,
For winning souls from Rome;
But crush and quell all harrowing thoughts
Of *brothers* nearer home!

AULD AGE IS NOO A CRIME.

"ANITHER day, my puir auld man!
Anither langsome day;
Wi' nocht to cheer twa dowie hearts,
Whate'er the warld may say.
Yet aiblins, ere the sun gaes doun,
Noo beamin' bricht an' fair;
Some sma' bit mercy may be sent;
Sae hope, an' ne'er despair!"

"I canna thole its blithesome smile,
For oh! I'm tired o' life!
Its shinin' on a cauld hearthstane,
My helpless, sufferin' wife!
Richt fain I'd work for a' thy wants,
Frae morn till midnicht's chime;
But sad 's the truth that I maun tell,
Auld age is noo a crime!"

"Oh speak na sae; I canna bide
Thae waefu' words o' thine;
Oh grieve nae mair, wi' sairer thocht,
Yer auld gray hair an' mine!

A wee saft glimmer, ere life's close,
May cheer our hearts ance mair;
The langest road has aye an' end;
Sae hope, an' ne'er despair!"

"I focht an' toil'd, wi' sturdy pride,
For sons an' dochters braw,
I' the gowden time when I was young;
But noo they 're a' awa!
Oh for the pith o' the iron arm,
When I was in my prime!
For sad 's the truth that I maun tell,
Auld age is noo a crime!

"It 's true they 're gane lang syne; an' noo
There 's nane but you an' me;
Their breid lay on a distant shore,
Owre mony a stormy sea!
We 'll meet them yet, my puir auld man,
I' the Land o' Promise fair,
Where poortith canna dim the ee;
Sae hope, an' ne'er despair!"

"The maist I can, I 'd gladly dae,
For want 's a ranklin' thorn;
But scornfu' pride, an' cauld contempt,
Aye greet me ilka morn.
Oh for the day to tak me hame
To yon sweet, bonnie clime;
For sad 's the truth that I maun tell,
Auld age is noo a crime!"

FAIR ROSAMOND'S BOWER.

'rumpet March of the Heralds to be played, previous to the following recitative Chant.]

r the year one thousand one hundred and eighty-two,
'hen things in general look'd cadaverously blue;—
'hen nothing was heard of but vengeance and strife
ll over the world, and a considerable portion of Fife;—
'hen prince rose against prince, and brother against brother,
nd all mankind play'd the very deuce with each other;—
'hen no monarch did his subjects thus lovingly greet:
Poverty-stricken sons of true British thunder! 'how 's your poor feet?'"—
'hen pride ran very high, and morals were far below zero;
nd to do a benevolent action was unworthy of any true hero;—
'hen all the world abounded with savage monstrosities,
nd philanthropists were preserved in rum-punch, as natural curiosities!—
.ease let no snarling critic say, "Surely that was a joke you meant;"
)r I have it here all pat, from an ancient historical document.

The following tragedy occurr'd at the date which I
have formerly reckon'd,
In the reign of that most illustrious sovereign, King
Henry the Second,
Abridged, corrected, and revised, with the utmost care
and perspicacity,
Dedicated to the Awkward Squad, and suited to the
meanest capacity;
Subject, here and there, to a little necessary alteration,
To answer the various pressing necessities of the rising
generation.

[*The fox he went out on a cold winter's night.*]

King Henry the Second, one night after dark,
Went out to Fair Rosamond's Bower for a lark,
All muffled and disguised, for the Queen was a shark,
And he didn't want to cause any bother.
Onward he bounded, as merry as a cricket,
When right before his nose, in the middle of a thicket,
Appeared the tall ghost of grim Thomas à Beckett,
Crying, "How 's your serene old mother!"

[*'Tis my delight on a shiny night.*]

At first the king was completely done brown,
For he got a most terrible fright,
As the spectre's eyes flash'd up and down,
Like padelle all flaming so bright;

But he swallow'd a boxful of Holloway's Pills,
Then he answer'd quite frisky and free:
"I 'm a young man from the coun-ta-ry,
But you don't come over me!"

[*Huntsman's Chorus.*]

hen away through the forest he wended,
nd left the poor ghost mightily offended;
ollowing the path, as it trended
Through brier and fragrant flower.
he wind rose high, the rain pour'd down
n poor old Henry's royal crown;
e roar'd for a cab, but it was no go,
or coaches in those days were *rather* slow;
nd Tertullian remarks, in a foot-note below,
hat "the train wasn't due for a fortnight—or so!"
ut I rather suspect he was joking,
hough, no doubt, it was very provoking;
o after a considerable soaking,
He arrived at Fair Rosamond's Bower.
'e. Maiden true! *She.* How d'ye do?
'e. Wet and weary! *She.* Poor old deary!
ow nicely you look when you 're out in a shower!

[*Sonna la Tromba.*]

Thus he exclaim'd with admiration:
"Sweetest of crinoline creation!

Pray accept of a 'small sensation,'
In the shape of this lovely tract,
Containing some choice information
On the working of the Public Houses Act!"

[*Chevy Chase.*]

Thus rang the lady's lovely voice,
With words of the nicest propriety;
In tones so charming, sweet and nice,
They'd have honour'd any Choral Society!

[" *The old house at home," in an affected female tone.*]

"You've been out at the club, or you'd never talk thuth;
Clean yer bootth, you old Guy! then get home with the buth:
Ath you wend your way down, of garotterth beware,
For the polith, when wanted, are extheedingly rare;
And thould you e'er thee one, to thield you from thtrife,
You'll thee more than I've theen all the days of my life!"

[*Recitative Chant.*]

At this the king was in a dreadful passion:
He rent his armour, and kick'd his hat, as was then the fashion;

Then drawing out his trumpet, he blew a wonderful blast,

[Here the trumpet shall sound.]

And immediately a melancholy page was seen running most remarkably fast;
Holding by the bridle a coal-black steed, in a frantic state of exhilaration,
One of the most incorrigible and ungovernable funkers in all creation!

[Here the king shall mount his charger.]

[*Trumpet March of the Heralds.*]

Then he fiercely rode away, to this very fine tune:
"Gramercy! you 'll repent this, some day soon!
Though I never have before had the fortitude to spout it,
Now beshrew me if I don't tell the queen all about it!"

[Here the king shall gallop away with a great noise.]

To the castle he went: cried the queen, "What 's the matter?"
As he roar'd, "Ho! a goblet of brandy and water,
My spirits for to cheer; and likewise, my dear,
Bring a bottle of the best Prestonpans table-beer!"——
So he told her; then went with his brave knights so tall,
And his gay troubadours, to the banqueting hall;

But Josephus, further on, states that "ere the feed was done,
They were holding on like bricks by the side of the wall!"

[*Recitative Chant.*]

A fiend upon the secret track is bounding!
On the howling wind a hollow shriek's resounding!—
Who hath found out the clue at the midnight hour,
And enter'd the precincts of Rosamond's Bower?
'Tis the vengeful Eleanor, fill'd with murderous spite,
With a bowl of Prussic acid in her left hand, and a dagger in her right;—
This bowl containing, at the most moderate computation,
Enough, homœopathically, to have taken in and done for the whole British population,
Including all the flourishing Colonies that then only existed in the imagination!——
Hark to the hag as she serves, without any thought of the reckoning,
On an "unprotected female," this fearful summons of Wakening:
"Wretch! drain this bowl, or the dagger shall do it!"
Oh the vile, wicked, wizzen-faced, vinegar-cruet!——

Horror and fear thus operating on a peculiarly sensitive organisation,
Combined to induce a state of absolute terrification.

She only exclaim'd—

[Last part of *Tempest of the Heart*, from *Il Trovatore.*]

"Help! help! help! O merciless woman!
Save me! save me, thou monster inhuman!
Sadly I fall in thy murderous power:
No one to succour me in my lone bower!"

[*Derry Down.*]

She drank, and she drank, amid thunder's loud roar;
She drank, and she drank, till she could drink no more;
Then she fell with a bump on the green grassy floor,
And she died at precisely a quarter-past four!
Down! down! down! derry down!

[*Dodger's Lament.*]

Now when Henry heard the latest news,
He telegraph'd an order tyrannical,
Banishing the queen, for her natural life,
To a certain Bay Botanical;
There to be nourish'd on water-gruel,
In the interests of penal science;
And never on Sundays to touch the plants,
More especially the dandelions!
But alas! on that forbidden day,
She pluck'd an overgrown carrot;

And for a warning to this land,
She was turnèd into a parrot!
But the wide-awake barons cried, "Over the left!"
With exception of Sir Simon Pure;
While the monks all danced on the crown of their heads,
To the tune of "The Perfect Cure!"

[Here "The Perfect Cure" shall be played with great vehemence, to which the monks are supposed to be still dancing.]

WHAT AILS YE AT THE ORGAN, GRANNY.*

JAMIE.

WHAT 's wrang wi' ye again, Granny?
What gies yer bosom pain, Granny?
What gars ye lift yer tremblin' voice
In sic a dowie strain, Granny?

GRANNY.

I 'm no sae weel the day, Jamie;
I 'm angry, an' I 'm wae, Jamie;
That organ 's bummin' i' my lug,
An' what am I to dae, Jamie?

JAMIE.

Oh tak a bairn's advice, Granny,
The organ ne'er despise, Granny;
The reign o' Bigotry 's gane bye,
Consent if ye 'd be wise, Granny.

GRANNY.

Sic "innovations" rash, Jamie,
Sic hurdy-gurdy trash, Jamie,

* Adapted to the melody of Huntingtower. Published by ɔhn Blockley, Regent Street, London, and Messrs Paterson & ɔns, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Perth, of whom most of the *ngs in this volume* may be had.

Sall ne'er get *my* guidwill, my man,
An' sae ye needna fash, Jamie.

JAMIE.

Look owre yer wa's yince mair, Granny,
See Progress spreadin' rare, Granny,
Nae freezin' cauldness checks her growth:
She blooms without compare, Granny.

GRANNY.

In days o' auld langsyne, Jamie,
When I was in my prime, Jamie,
Nae grindin' whirlgigs were praised
By ony bairn o' mine, Jamie.

JAMIE.

Dinna hing yer broo, Granny,
Auld langsyne 's no noo, Granny;
Better far the organ's swell,
Than rowtin' like a coo, Granny!

GRANNY.

Troth *that's* the truth ye say, Jamie;
Oh what am I to dae, Jamie!
I'm switherin' noo, for sense proclaims
I canna say ye nay, Jamie.

JAMIE.

Nae drones, wi' dismal twang, Granny,
Were heard when David sang, Granny!

But timbrel, sackbut, harp, an' horn,
Resounded loud an' lang, Granny!

GRANNY.

Ye 've stown my heart awa, Jamie;
Hae! there 's my hand an' a, Jamie:
Sour Prejudice may tak' the road—
E'en let the organ blaw, Jamie!

I'LL SING MY SANG WHATE'ER BETIDE.

Oh what reck I, tho' Poortith's blast
Blaws owre my biggin', cauld an' keen?
An' what tho' kind an' generous hearts
Are no sae rife as they hae been?
Tho' selfish Greed an' crabbit Spleen
Stand gloomy glowerin' side by side;
Yet cantily I'll play a spring,
An' sing my sang whate'er betide!

This world 's nae weary bed o' thorns,
For a' the dolefu' moan that 's made;
Yon sun that shines on silken braws,
Blinks cheery on my auld gray plaid!
Sour Discontent shrinks back dismay'd,
When heart loups high wi' sturdy pride;
Sae cantily I'll play a spring,
An' sing my sang whate'er betide!

My housie 's nae great boast, I trow—
A wee wee but—a wee wee ben;
Yet lauchin' face maks denty ha',
An' that 's what lordies seldom ken.
Wi' wife an' weans I blithely fen',

As doun Life's stream we saftly glide;
Sae cantily I 'll play a spring,
An' sing my sang whate'er betide!

Despondency 's a beggar born—
(Lang may his back be at the wa'!)
Yet gin he daur to show his pow,
My chanter I 'll the louder blaw!—
The darkest nicht brings aye the daw:
The thistle 's aye its downy side;
Sae cantily I 'll play a spring,
An' sing my sang whate'er betide!

Puir dowie chield, that 's skin an' bane
Wi' nocht but borrow'd misery—
Wha canna pree the gowden joys
That bloom 'neath Freedom's rosy sky;
Greet out yer fill; I carena by,
Tho' fools may sneer, an' gowks deride;
I 'll play wi' pith a canty spring,
An' sing my sang whate'er betide!

CONNOR'S VOW.

"I 'M going, Mora, darling!"
The brave Connor cried:
"Fare ye well, Mora, darling,
My joy, and my pride.
Sure the vow I've sworn on high,
For my country's cause to die;
And I'll never turn and fly,
While this sword's by my side!"

"Oh stay, Connor, dearest!
Sweet husband adored;
Oh take back, acushla,
Thy last plighted word.
Oh my bravest, and my best!
Would this heart were now at rest,
With the baby at my breast!"
Weeping Mora implored.

The bugles they are sounding
A wild martial strain;
The hollow drum's resounding
O'er mountain and plain.

From her anguish and dismay,
He has torn himself away,
At the dawning of the day,
For the field of the slain.

Soft the summer winds are sighing
O'er the true hearts that died.
Sore the widow'd Mora 's crying,
For low lies her pride.
In a soldier's lonely grave,
By yon wildly roaring wave,
Sleeps the bravest of the brave,
With his sword by his side!

A FATHER'S COUNSEL.

THE close of life's brief day has come at last:
The dews of death, my son, are falling fast;
Yet, ere the flick'ring, fitful flame expires,
To thee, the pride of all my fond desires,
And brightest earthly hopes, I thus bequeath
A father's counsel with my dying breath.

No riches, as thou know'st, have I to give:
My hardest toil thro' life has been to live,—
To struggle on in poverty obscure,
With heart right royal, tho' my lot was poor.
No crawling reptile I, to lick the dust,
And place my faith in crawling reptile's trust;
Or beg from golden wealth a feeble ray,
To light the darkness of life's cheerless way;
But, ever striving for the just and right,
Bold self-reliance nerved my arm with might.

Never to frail corruption bow the head,
And barter honour for a crust of bread.——
True independence is a priceless gem,
The brightest star in manhood's diadem.——

An honest heart, tho' steep'd in penury,
Hath boundless wealth, that worlds can never buy.

Plunge freely forth on life's tempestuous wave:
Strike boldly out, with fearless arm and brave;
And, loving Him who wore the crown of thorn,
Unshrinking face the world's relentless scorn.
Bleak winds, and angry storms, are on thy path;
And clouds surcharged with evil's lurid wrath
Are ever bursting on the struggling heart
That strives to act the better, nobler part.

'Mid all the ills with which the world abounds,
Deceit and malice walk their busy rounds;
While, blasted foul by envy's withering cry,
Poor merit dwells in dark obscurity.
Glib mediocrity, with gilded card,
Presumptuous, clutches at the fair reward;
Erects its crest as venal pand'rers laud,
While verdant, soft credulities applaud.

Avoid, my son, the shams that walk life's stage,
And 'gainst their ranks a righteous warfare wage.
Of all the spurious brotherhood accurst,
Genteel hypocrisy abhor the worst;
That whines o'er all that wretchedness reveals,
And feigns a sympathy it never feels;
That kisses poverty by cloud of night,
Then gives the mortal stab in broad daylight;
That hates the sturdy truth proclaim'd of old,
All men are brothers of one common mould;

That stifles nature's dictates, proudly wise,
Enslaved by vile conventionalities;
That enters largely in the house of prayer,
With haughty brow, and patronising air;
Then makes its exit with a sweeping train,
Regarding each poor brother with disdain.
Brother! ah no! that title it denies:
The clay 's too coarse for marble sympathies;
Yet, hardest trial to its swelling pride,
For this poor clay Christ suffer'd, bled, and died.

Oh, fruitful source of never-ending strife,
Thou iron chain of artificial life!
When wilt thou cease to crush each warm emotion
That honest nature prompts with true devotion?
Never, alas! till that far-distant day,
When dawns on earth the bright millennial ray;
But hope not *now* to see the end of caste,
My son, the age of miracles is past!

Avoid, too, if thou 'rt wise, the canting knave,
Who deems this glorious world a yawning grave;
Who basks 'mid groans and melancholy cries,
Lugubrious whines, and heart-despairing sighs;
Who loves the darkness, but abhors the light,—
A moaning owl amid the shades of night;
Who feasts on all that Charity appals,
And think'st a godsend when a brother falls,
For then th' occasion fitly he 'll improve
With thunderblasts of anything but love;

Who metes out fire and brimstone by the yard,
Then looks to Heav'n, with howls, for his reward;—
Who, had he power to equal his endeavour,
Would bid all cheerfulness be hush'd for ever;
And, with a scowl of wild-exulting scorn,
Clothe in sepulchral black the Sabbath morn.

Oh Thou great glorious Comforter divine,
That sends o'er all Thy generous light to shine;
Waking, with songs of birds, Thy day of rest,
To gladden all the wearied and opprest,
Whose souls expand as brightness fills the skies,
And heartfelt prayers, in grateful incense, rise;
Watching o'er frailty from Thy throne above,
With tear-gem'd eye of everlasting love;
Grant to the son the wishes of the sire:
Oh fill his breast with honour's sacred fire;
Show him the path of virtue, trod by few;
Teach him to hate the False, and love the True;
Then, tho' his lot be heavy to endure,
An upright heart will make him rich, tho' poor.

THE BONNIE MORNIN' AFTER THE RAIN.*

THE nicht had been rainy, but fair was the mornin';
Bricht shone the sun, comely nature adornin';
Sweet bloom'd the daisy, yon bonnie simmer mornin',
An' fragrant the green dewy plain.
Saft to their minnies the young lambs were moanin';
Fond 'mid the flow'rets the wild-bee was dronin';
As Katie sat milkin' her kye i' the loanin',
Yon bonnie mornin' after the rain!

High frae the clover the laverock was springin';
Loudly the lift wi' his warble was ringin';
Sweetly the lintie an' mavis were singin,'
Adoun by the auld Lover's Lane.
I lookit in her face, an' I ca'ed her my dearie,
Her smiles were sae blithsome, my heart felt sae cheery;—
Oh I lookit in her face, an' I ca'ed her my dearie,
Yon bonnie mornin' after the rain!

Dark waved her locks owre her fair neck sae slender;
Bricht beam'd her e'e, like the sun in its splendour;
Snawy her bosom, sae comely an' tender,

* First Music by the late Alexander Hume.

An' pure as the lily o' the plain.
Saftly my arms were my sweet jo entwinin',
Ilk thocht o' that bosom my fancy divinin';—
Saftly my arms were my ain jo entwinin',
Yon bonnie mornin' after the rain!

Oh fair are yon meadows, where aft I've gaen roamin'
For mony a blest hour wi' my lass at the gloamin';
But fairer—oh fairer, the bonnie green loanin';
Where she whisper'd her heart was my ain.
Sweetly she blush'd like the rose wi' emotion;
Fondly I seal'd wi' a kiss my devotion;—
Sweetly she blush'd like the rose wi' emotion,
Yon bonnie mornin' after the rain!

Tho' Fortune to me has been scant wi' her measure,
Yet ne'er will I envy her care-laden treasure;
Sae lang as the queen o' my hame gies me pleasure,
O' nocht will I ever complain;
For aye when I'm dowie, dounheartit, an' weary,
Her sweet sunny smile mak's me lichtsome an' cheery;
Sae weel I'll remember the tryst wi' my dearie,
Yon bonnie mornin' after the rain!

THE LASS O' MOREDUN.*

When simmer smiles sweetly owre mountain an' lea,
The green haughs o' Moredun are bonnie to see;
An' pleasant's the hum o' the merry wild bee,
When the rose an' the lily are blawin';
An' blithely the mavis salutes the gay morn,
As sweetly he sings on yon snawy-white thorn;
While the lav'rock soars high owre the wide-wavin' corn,
An' the muir-cocks are cheerily crawin'!

But fairer yon calm, stilly gloamin', I ween,
When fondly I roved wi' my ain comely queen,
While the saft zephyr sigh'd 'mang the breckans sae green,
An' the dew lay on ilka sweet blossom.
I pu'd the wild flow'rets sae balmy an' fair,
An' I twined me a wreath for her dark raven hair,
Wi' a bonnie wee rosebud, o' fragrance sae rare,
For a gem to her lily-white bosom.

* Music by the late Alexander Hume.

We sat by the streamlet that wimpled sae clear,
An' fond did I gaze on my lassie sae dear,
Till the wail o' the cushet fell low on the ear,
  An' the moon thro' the blue lift was roamin'.
Oh wae was my heart when she parted frae me;
An' saft fell the tear frae her dark hazel e'e,
As cheerless an' sad, by yon auld rowan tree,
  We whisper'd fareweel at the gloamin'!

ANNIE AN' JEAN.*

Oh weel dae I mind 'twas a sweet simmer mornin':
The hills were arrayed in their braw purple bloom;
An' the bonnie wild-rose, the gay green-wood adornin',
Fill'd the saft southlan' breezes wi' balmy perfume.
An' the young cushy-doo frae the plantin' was springin',
As her fond mate was cooin' sae sweetly an' coy;
An' the blackbird an' mavis were cheerily singin',
While the blue lift resounded wi' gladness an' joy.

In a sylvan green haugh, where bricht Phœbus was shinin',
An' siller birks wavin' in beauty an' pride;
Twa lassies, sair wearied wi' daffin' an' rinnin',
Sat doun 'mang the gowans by Esk water side.
The taen lookit bonnie, an' sae did the tither,—
Their cheeks were aye bloomin', an' bricht were their een;
Sae fondly an' kindly they aye gaed thegither!
Twa rare lovin' maidens were Annie an' Jean!

* Music by William Lewis.

Their dark hair was buskit wi' sweet-smellin' blossoms,—
  Emblems o' innocence, rosy an' fair;
Happiness dwelt i' their saft snawy bosoms,
  An' far frae their fond hearts were sorrow an' care.
Oh sweet are the blue-bells that deck the green valley,
  An' fair the wild lilies that bloom on the lea;
But sweeter an' fairer than blue-bell or lily,
  Yon flow'rets sae bonnie that dazzled my e'e

THE LAST O' THE LAVE.

"Oh, tak' thae curtains doon, mither,
That turn the day to nicht;
An' let me see yon gowden sun,
Sae cheery an' sae bricht;

"An' help me on wi' a' my claes,
For I 'm gaun out a wee,
To hear the wimplin' burnie's sang
Ance mair before I dee!"

"Lie still—lie still—my dochter dear;
Ye 're no sae weel the day:
Ye 'll break yer puir auld mither's heart—
Ye kenna what ye say!

"Nae curtain keps the cheerless licht,
For I hae nane, waes me!
Its your twa bonnie een that 's dim,
My bairn—ye canna see!"

"Oh bring me frae my kist, mither,
The lock o' Willie's hair;
That I may lay 't abune my heart,
For my dear Willie's there!

"An' when I'm in my lanely grave,
An' a' my griefs are past,
Ye 'll tell him, when the Reg'ment's hame,
I lo'ed him till the last!

"I'm wae to leave ye here, mither,
Sae feckless an' sae auld;
Nae son nor dochter 's left ye noo,
An' oh! I'm turnin' cauld!

"But God 's the helpless widow's freen,
An' kind's His watchfu' e'e;
Sae dry yer cheek, my mither dear,
An' dinna greet for me!"

She took the lassie in her arms,
An' kiss'd her snawy broo:
Her lips were blae; her hazel een
Were dark an' sichtless noo!

A blicht cam' owre her comely face—
Saft sigh'd life's ebbing wave;
An' silent lay, for evermair,
The last o' a' the lave!

ELEANORA.

I 'm thinkin' on the days, Ellie,
When, free frae thocht an' care,
Ye pu'd the cowslip by the burn,
A lassie young an' fair.
Sae blithe ye roam'd afar, Ellie,
Owre mony a flowery lea,
Wi' nocht to pain yer snawy breist,
Or dim yer bonnie ee.

The daisies were in bloom, Ellie,
The lintwhite warbled sweet;
An' saftly frae the hills sae green,
Ye heard the yowie bleat.
Ye took nae thocht o' time, Ellie,
As doun in Cairny Dell,
Ye wiled awa the simmer hours,
Till dreamy gloamin' fell.

But years hae flown sinsyne, Ellie,—
Lang, weary years sinsyne;
An' cauld 's the mither's kindly heart
That aft was press'd to thine.

She left ye wi' a sigh, Ellie,—
The tear was in her e'e;
For tho' her Faither took her hame,
'Twas hard to part frae thee.

Yer wedded days were blest, Ellie,
Wi' a' that life can cheer,
Till sickness bent the manly form
O' him ye lo'ed sae dear.
His heart was a' on thee, Ellie,
His comfort an' his pride;
An' trouble lost its sairest pang,
When ye were by his side.

Life's sorrows arena few, Ellie,—
Its joys are unco rare:
We needna seek to linger here,
Amid a warld o' care.
Abune yon sunny skies, Ellie,
A hame 's amang the blest,
Where lovin' hearts 'll grieve nae mair,
But meet in endless rest!

THE EICHT O'CLOCK BELL.

Oh hear ye the Bell, wi' its gallant cling-clang;
An' see ye the toun, a' sae steery an' thrang?—
Oh hear ye the Bell, wi' its gallant cling-clang?
'Tis the voice o' the charmer, that breaks the lang spell!
Noo the puir workin' body gangs hame, tired an' weary.
An' the swankie 's awa owre the hill wi' his dearie;
An' the laddies are lowpin' an' liltin' fu' cheery,
For dear to ilk heart is the Eicht o'Clock Bell!

Ring on, blithesome Bell, wi' thy canty auld strain:
Ye remind me o' days that are lang past an' gane,
When a wee barefit callant, I wander'd my lane,
Afar 'mang the breckans, till saft gloamin' fell.
Sae blest then was I wi' baith sister an' brither!—
Sae happy the nichts when we a' were thegither!—
Sae proud was the heart o' my couthy auld mither,
When my faither cam' hame at the Eicht o'Clock Bell!

Ring on, dreamy Bell, through the saft simmer air,
While the thochts o' langsyne mak' me youthfu' ance mair,
When I stray'd wi' my lassie, sae bloomin' an' fair,

An' pu'd the wild rose doun yon shady green dell.
Ah! sweet were the pleasures that wealth couldna borrow!
An' blithe was my heart on ilk braw sunny morrow;
But years hae flown by me o' sadness an' sorrow,
Sin' I met wi' my jo at the Eicht o'Clock Bell!

Ring on, merry Bell, tho' the kindly an' brave
That lo'ed me sae dearly, lie cauld in the grave!
Thy jowin' aye sooth'd them on Life's stormy wave,
When strugglin' wi' toils, nocht but death could dispel.
Then weel may we comfort and bear wi' ilk ither,
For weary 's the road we maun a' gang thegither;
An' lang may it cheer me, an' ilka puir brither,
To hear the sweet chime o' the Eicht o'Clock Bell!

DEAREST MAIDEN!

Dearest maiden! fairest maiden!
Fairest, dearest aye to me!
Saft 's her dimpled cheeks sae rosy—
Bricht 's her bonnie sparklin' ee!

Handsome maiden! winsome maiden!
Winsome, handsome, past compare:
Waist sae sma', an' neck sae slender,
Snawy broo, an' raven hair.

Merry maiden! cheery maiden!
Wow but she 's a hearty quean!
Trippin' like a blithesome fairy,
Doun yon dewy dell at e'en.

Genty maiden! denty maiden!
Oh that bonnie face o' thine!
Say the word, my dearest lassie—
Only say that ye 'll be mine!

THE FACTOR AND THE WIDOW.

THE day was cauld an' stormy, an' the snaw fell thick an' fast—
Fu' heavy, an' fu' ceaseless, as 'twad never, never tire;
An' through the mirky garret sough'd the bitter norland blast,
As frail, an' unco dowie—sadly thinkin' on the past,
The widow sat fu' weary at the fire.

An' the factor stood before her, wi' his scornfu' greedy e'e;
An' the bluidhounds o' the Roupin-Cross were stannin' i' the stair;
An' he ask'd for what he kent fu' weel the widow couldna gie,
Sae he harl'd her bits o' things awa—a waefu' sicht to see;
An' she wrung her wither'd hands in despair.

An' the robin' on the sky-licht chirpit lichtsomely an' lang,
For his wee, wee heart was thrabbin' for the puir auld wifie there:

N

As she lookit roun' her empty wa's wi' mony a bitter pang,
Yet cheerier an' cheerier that kindly robin sang—
"There 's a bonnie hame abune for the puir!"

An' the factor gied command to his minions o' the law,
An' they selt, wi' mirth and mockery, to mony a smirkin' dame,
Her creepie an' her spinnin'-wheel, her plenishin' an' a';
An' they crack'd their dull an' heartless jokes wi' mony a loud guffaw;
But they thochtna on the widow's lanely hame!

Yet tremble, cruel Pharisee! thy fortune 's at the tide:
The burnin' tears o' poverty are mingled wi' thy wine:
A day shall see thee terror-struck, for a' thy lordly pride,
When the faitherless an' mitherless shall meet thee side by side;
An' the darkness an' the sorrow shall be thine!

The eerie hame was cauld, but the weary heart was still,
For the widow's best an' only Frien' had heard her earnest prayer;
An' bitter sough'd the wintry blast owre mony a snawy hill,
As the robin sang its partin' notes fu' cheery an' fu' shrill—
"There 's a bonnie hame abune for the puir!"

THY ROSY CHEEKS ARE PAST COMPARE.

THY rosy cheeks are past compare,
Thy lips wad shame the rowan;
An' like twa glintin' stars thine een,
Wi' beams celestial glowin'.
The bonniest flower that scents the brae,
Or blossoms on the lea,
Tho' deck'd in nature's best attire,
Blooms nae sae fair as thee, dearie;—
The sweetest flower in sylvan bower
Blooms nae sae fair as thee.

What tho' thy glossy locks outvie
The darkness o' the raven?—
Tho' bricht the radiance o' thy smile,
Like sunlicht out o' heaven?—
Tho' queenly fair thy winsome form,
Sae stately, an' sae braw?—
The beauties o' thy guileless heart
By far outshine them a', dearie;—
The beauties o' thy faithfu' heart
By far outshine them a'.

When Phœbus kiss'd the rosy west,
In a' his gowden splendour;
An' cushets filled the lanely shaws
Wi' cooin' saft an' tender;
Adoun the braes o' Wuddislee,
Where lovers aft gang roamin',
Fu' mony a pleasant hour we've spent,
When trystin' at the gloamin', dearie;—
Fu' mony a canny, pleasant hour,
When trystin' at the gloamin'.

Oh may the rose an' thorny brier,
For fragrance nought excellin',—
The sweet-pea an' the jessamine,
A' flourish roun' thy dwellin'.
An' may the mavis sweetly sing,
Wi' gladness in its e'e,
A bonnie, blithe, an' thrillin' sang
To thy true love an' thee, dearie;—
A cheery, blithe, an' canty sang
To thy true love an' thee.

THREE FLOW'RETS BLOOM'D I' MY GARDEN HA'.

THREE flow'rets bloom'd i' my garden ha',
I' the blithe sweet days o' langsyne;
An' bonnie an' fair were the three wee flowers
That ance were Jamie's an' mine.

But a blicht cam' owre my puir wee flowers,
I' the time o' the frost an' the snaw;
An' they nestled their heids i' my sorrowin' breist,
Syne they droopit an' dow'd awa.

Oh waly the day for the lauchin' blue een,
An' the hair sae silken an' fine;
An' the bonnie sweet face, an' the lippies sae red,
That aften were prest to mine!

I see them a' there, i' the deid o' the nicht,
An' I hear the wee patterin' feet;
An' my true love sighs in his gowden dreams,
An' wearifu' sair I greet!

For its no the sweet faces that meet my e'e,
An' its no the wee patterin' feet;
But the glints o' the wanderin' lady moon,
An' the roar o' the wind an' weet!

An' I lay me doun, an' I close my een,
  But alack! I can sleep nae mair;
An' fain wad I wauken my ain true love,
  For aye the wee flowers are there!

Oh leeze me lang on the bonnie blithe birds;
  An' the milk-white kye on the lea;
An' the gowans that blaw on the emerald hills,
  An' the moan o' the silvery sea.

An' leeze me lang on the core o' my heart,
  Whase fondness may I never tyne;
For it's low, low doun i' yon saft green yird
  Lie the three wee flowers o' mine!

THE ROCK ON THE HILL.

A SONG OF THE COVENANT.

THE kye were i' the byre, an' the yows were i' the pen,
An the moon glimmer'd bricht 'mang the breckans i' the glen,
When I met my winsome Willie dear, the wale o' gallant men,
By the auld mossy rock on yon bonnie green hill.

I lookit in his face, an' the tear was in my e'e,
For the weary hour had cam', when my Willie had to flee;—
Oh I lookit in his face, an' the tear was in my e'e,
By the auld mossy rock on yon bonnie green hill.

An' he press'd his haun' in mine, as he kiss'd my paly cheek,
An' he ca'd me aye his lassie, but I thocht my heart wad break;
An' he tried to say fareweel, but the word he couldna speak,
By the auld mossy rock on yon bonnie green hill.

But the troopers spied my Willie ere the breakin' o' the day,—
My bonnie gallant laddie dear, wha never fear'd a foe;
An' they slew my winsome Willie ere the breakin' o' the day,
By the auld mossy rock on yon bonnie green hill.

Oh what made the sun glint sae cheery owre the shaw,
When beside my lifeless Willie's form my heart had dow'd awa!—
When the lips I kiss'd sae fondly were white as driven snaw,
By the auld mossy rock on yon bonnie green hill.

Oh cheerless, cauld, an' weary, I wander by my lane,
For there's naething left me noo, sin' my winsome Willie's gane;
But the tryst shall be my grave, whaur nae mair I'll greet an' mane,
By the auld mossy rock on yon bonnie green hill.

THE VOICE IN THE RUINS.

Ae sorrowfu' nicht, when a' was still,
Save the roar o' the westlin' gale,
Frae the mournfu' wreck o' a weary land,
Rung a sad an' a heavy wail.
An' aye, while the spirit o' graspin' Greed
Soars high on her raven wing,
By nicht an' day thro' the guid auld toun
This sorrowfu' wail shall ring:—

Alas for the day when the puir maun live
I' the totterin' biggins sae high,
That rock like a ship in a stormy sea
When the howlin' blast sweeps by.
Alas for the factor's tearless e'e,
As he gloats owre his heartless gains!—
Alas for the rottenness, damp, an' death,
That lurk i' the crumblin' stanes!

Oh when will Wealth be deaf nae mair
To Poverty's weary cries;
An' God's ain likeness cease to dwell
In hovels like gruesome styes?
For oh that the sordid lust o' gowd
Should steel men's hearts sae sair,
Wha revel an' fatten in lordly ha's,
On the darksome dens o' the puir!

An' aye, while the spirit o' graspin' Greed
Soars high on her raven wing,
By nicht an' day thro' the guid auld toun
This sorrowfu' wail shall ring.
For the land cam' doun i' the deid o' the nicht,
Wi' the frail an' the feckless auld;
An' alas for the puir young blithesome hearts
That noo lie wither'd an' cauld.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TYE, PEGGY!

A Happy, Guid New Year, Peggy,
Thou sonsy queen o' mine!
Fair fa' thy comely, lauchin' face,
Sae rosy, sae divine.
May a' the sweetest joys o' life
Be thine, my winsome dear,
As fond I wish thee frae my heart
A Happy, Guid New Year!

Now here's to thee, my ain Peggy,
Sae stately, trig, an' braw;
An' here's to mony a weel-kent frien',
Baith here an' far awa;
An' here's to them whase cauldrife hearts
Can find nae pleasure here:
For pity's sake we 'll wish them a'
A Happy, Guid New Year!

On wi' a roarin' fire, Peggy:
Mak haste, my gaucy hen!
A cheery laugh's the balm o' life:
Bring a' the neibours ben;

Fetch doun the bairdie frae the press,
Wi' rowth o' hamely cheer;
An' blithe we 'll wish them, roun' an' roun',
A Happy, Guid New Year!

This day ilk weary thocht, Peggy,
Shall rise an' tak the fiing;
An' puir but honest hearts, ance mair,
Like linties bravely sing.
Gin cankert Care should mak a ca',
Wi' Sorrow in his rear,
Steek fast the door, for we maun hae
A Happy, Guid New Year!

Ance mair a Guid New Year, Peggy,
Thou sonsy queen o' mine:
Fair fa' thy comely, lauchin' face,
Sae rosy, sae divine.
Wi' three times three, I 'll drink to thee,
As, faithfu' an' sincere,
I wish thee frae my heart o' hearts,
A Happy, Guid New Year!

GLENORMISTON.

WHILE rosy sweets perfume the air,
An' Simmer twines her garlands fair
In Flora's gay attire ;—
While mavis pipes on leafy tree,
An' laverocks warble owre the lea,
Awake, my hamely lyre !
Strike high, wi' fervid, rattlin' rhyme,
Owre Scotia's hills an' plains :
An honour to her breezy clime
Demands nae dowie strains.
Richt merrily—richt cheerily,
Wi' pith o' aulden days,
Sing loudly—sing proudly,
A lilt in Willie's praise !

In yon wee tounie i' the south,
He spent the sunny prime o' youth,
Wi' joyous, lichtsome glee,
An' aft, alang the Tweed's green banks,
The callant play'd his mirthfu' pranks,
An' skelpit blithe an' free.

His faither was an honest carle—
  Kind was his mensefu' mither;
An' lang they joggit thro' the warl',
  Richt couthily thegither;
Wi' plenty, aye canty,
  Till sad times cauld an' drear
Brocht puir hearts an' sair hearts,
  Wi' troubles ill to bear.

But sense was i' the laddie's pow,
For nocht could e'er his courage cowe,
  As, fired wi' noble pride,
He bravely enter'd Nature's college,
An' quaff'd the crystal streams o' knowledge,
  Where'er they chanced to glide.
Belyve frae Poortith's gloomy deeps,
  He made a famous clearance;
An'tconquer'd a' her slipp'ry steeps
  By manly perseverance.
Still wrocht he—still focht he,
  Till high in Fame' ascendant
Victorious, richt glorious,
  He shone a star resplendent.

But what needs I proclaim the truth?
Through east an' west—through north an' sout
  Thy name 's frae shore to shore:
A stalwart Trojan i' the van
Wert thou to raise thy brither man,
  Wi' rowth o' healthy lore.

Thou maks the horny-handed wicht
  True lord o' the creation,
As fond he prees, wi' ardour bricht,
  Thy gowden *Information*,
That cheers him—that bears him
  Owre mony a famous clime,
Wide-soaring, exploring
  Fair Nature's works sublime.

When Fortune, blinkin' thro' the mirk,
Bestow'd on thee a sunny smirk,
  Wi' denty reamin' measure
O' guid red gowd; yet weel I trow,
Nae sordid Siller-grip wert thou,—
  Nae hoarder o' thy treasure.
On nobler aim thy saul was bent:
  Upon thy native toun
Thou lavish'd free the mercies sent,
  An' generous was the boon.
Wi' true heart—wi' fu' heart,
  She prized thy mensefu' gift,—
Yon braw pile—nae sma' pile,
  That soars amid the lift.

Free swankin' blades, where'er ye dwell,—
Cheery an' hamely like mysel',
  Come drink a health wi' me!
Auld Reekie's chosen son o' fame—
Lord Provost—worthy o' the name—
  Glenormiston, here 's t' ye!

Lang may thou flourish fair an' green,
  Fresh as a norland lily;
An' here 's to thy sweet wifie queen,
  An' Rob, thy famous billie!
Noo readily—noo steadily,
  The honours blithely gie,
Wi rare dauds: ance mair, lads!
  Anither three-times-three

'SIXTY-TWO—'SIXTY-THREE.*

SOLEMN and sad, with trembling step and slow,
'Mid the wild moaning of the winter wind,
The dying year, in weeds of deepest woe,
Approach'd the portals of the Unconfined.
Yet many a mournful glance he cast behind,
And seem'd, 'mid all his grief, yet loath to go,
His dying murmur sounding soft and low;
While round his hoary brow of care the cypress-wreath entwined.

And thus he sigh'd, while muffled drums roll'd deep,
And Penury's dark banner o'er him hung
In sable folds, "Welcome the last long sleep
To this lone heart, with bitter anguish wrung;
Softly and sweetly be my requiem sung.
For me no more shall Want her vigil keep—
For me no more shall eyes with sadness weep:
Yet o'er my gloomy bier let no unjust reproach be flung.

"For summer smiles when winter's frowns are past,
And suffering fortifies the downtrod slave;

* The end of the year 1862 was almost unparalleled for the distress that prevailed throughout the country, and particularly among the operatives of Lancashire.

And Hope's fair sun, tho' now with clouds o'ercast,
Shall yet shine brightly o'er dark Sorrow's wave.
Honour to all the noble and the brave
Who bore, unshrinking, Poverty's cold blast.
May peace and plenty crown their board at last;
While I, who caused them many a tear, lie silent in the grave."

Slow waned his icy breath, and soon there fell
Upon the midnight air, in echoes grand,
The dying burden of his last farewell,
As, beckoning on, with wavering, outstretched hand,
He cross'd the borders of the Shadowy Land.
Then rose an infant's cry, with feeble swell,
As, sounding loud and clear, Time's warning bell
Proclaim'd to all the wond'ring world another year had dawn'd.

BRIGHT ARE YOUNG LIFE'S GOLDEN TREASURES.*

ADAPTED TO AN AIR OF NAGELI.

BRIGHT are young life's golden treasures,
Charming its fairy-like pleasures:
Softly they flow like a sweet summer song,
Shining—shining—radiantly all the day long.

Starlets of beauty are glowing,
Roses and lilies are blowing;
Oh love the fair blooming joys while ye may,
Fondly—fondly—soon they'll all wither away.

Angels around thee are sighing—
Life's sweetest pleasures are dying—
Fond rosy dreamer, oh wouldst thou be wise?
Treasure—treasure—virtue that leads to the skies!

* This, and the two following songs, appear in Oliver and Boyd's "School Songs for Advanced Classes," by T. M. Hunter; whom also "*The Heriot March*" (p. 143) has been adapted a German air.

AROUND THE WINTER FIRE SO BRIGHT.

ADAPTED TO AN AIR OF EGLI.

When warblers cease their melodies,
'Mid drenching rain and cloudy skies,—
When piercing frost and driving hail,
And stormy howling blasts prevail;
How beams each face with sweet delight,
Around the winter fire so bright!

When angry ravens mock the breeze
That moans 'mid hoary, leafless trees,—
When streamlets rise with sullen roar,
And flow'rets fade, to bloom no more;
How beams each face with fond delight,
Around the winter fire so bright!

When wand'rers haunt the lonely wold,
With houseless children, pale and cold,—
When hoary age glides feebly past,
And craves a shelter from the blast;
We'll soothe their sorrows of the night,
Around the winter fire so bright!

When dying Nature, wild and drear,
Sheds with a sigh her icy tear;
While o'er her shroud of dazzling snow
The redbreast chants her requiem low,
How thoughts of Spring give sweet delight
Around the winter fire so bright!

WHILE GLADNESS HAILS THE PARTING YEAR.

ADAPTED TO AN AIR OF CALCOTT.

WHILE gladness hails the parting year,
And ushers in the new,—
While kind and loving friends are here,
Whose hearts beat warm and true;
Come sing again, while pleasures reign,
A cheerful and a joyous strain.

May plenty crown Britannia's shores,
And may her flag unfurl'd,
Wave ever where bold freedom soars,
The glory of the world.
Triumphant may her star on high
Beam brighter as the ages fly.

Her ramparts are her Rifles brave,
Whom foe need never dare.
The fetters burst from every slave
That breathes her native air:
For liberty, sweet liberty,
Blooms fairest 'neath old England's sky.

There 's freedom in her flowery glens,
And laughing silver rills :
There 's freedom in her verdant plains,
And grand old hoary hills ;
Where huntsman's horn, on echoes borne,
Proclaims the joys of breezy morn.

Now ere the gladsome day departs,
Come sing with radiant smiles,
God save the Queen of British Hearts,
The glory of our isles !
Through ages down, her fair renown
Shall flourish bright as England's crown !

A BRIDAL ODE.

AWAKE, my muse, and sing,
While hills and valleys ring
With hymns of joy on this gay bridal morn.
Aurora bids thee rise:
Soft bloom the radiant skies;
And zephyrs sigh, on balmy pinions borne.

High o'er the daisied lawn,
Warbles the bird of dawn;
And smiling Flora, in her robe of flowers,
O'er purple-crested mountain,
And diamond-flashing fountain,
Breathes sweetest fragrance from her emerald bowers.

Forth to the chamber stealing,
While Hymen's bells are pealing,
The Bridegroom softly strikes the silver lyre:
Throned on his forehead high,
Reign grace and majesty,
And eyes that flash Love's golden-gleaming fire.

"Arise, my Bride, arise,
While glory fills the skies,
And doves are moaning at thy ling'ring stay:
Soft chimes the nuptial bell
With sweet melodious swell;
Arise, my lovely fair, and come away!

"From purple groves upspringing,
The tiny birds are singing:
Oh why, my bosom's core, thy long delay?
The bowery elms are sighing,
The summer hours are dying,
Arise, my lovely fair, and come away!"

Lo! brightly she appears,
All beautiful in tears,
But sorrow claims them not—e'en let them flow:
Her eyes like sapphires gleaming,
Her golden tresses streaming
Adown her stately neck of dazzling snow.

Fair as a goddess-queen,
Her comely face serene,
Beams with a crimson radiance all her own:
Her lips, where love reposes,
Outrivalling the roses
That gem her milk-white robe, and starry zone.

Slow wends the bridal train
To God's all-hallow'd fane:

Adoringly they bless the glorious Giver:
'Mid silence all unbroken,
The sacred words are spoken,
That join two loving hearts in one for ever.

Peal loud, ye dreamy bells,
O'er hills and dewy dells,
While guardian angels hear him softly say:
"Be ours the golden pleasure
To tread life's joyous measure;
My fairest and my dearest, come away!"

REST, SON OF TOIL.

REST, son of toil, in thy slumbers unbroken:
The warfare is ended—the battle is o'er,
High from the Father an angel hath spoken,—
Life's weary sorrows shall grieve thee no more!

Rest, son of toil, with the brave and true-hearted—
The bold and the fearless of Truth's valiant band;
Sad fell the tear when thy spirit departed,
Far on its flight to the Shadowy Land!

Rest, son of toil, on the field of thy duty,
In Freedom's march onward, the first in the van:
Bright was thy honour, and spotless its beauty—
Shrined in thy breast was the soul of a man!

Rest, son of toil—ah! no longer adorning
The home that looks dreary and desolate now!
Gone from them all in thy youth's sunny morning!—
Gone with the laurel still green on thy brow!

Rest, son of toil, while thy loved one is weeping,
Mourning and wailing in sadness and gloom;
Whisper, bright spirit, thou only art sleeping—
Soon shall the Day-Star arise o'er the tomb!

Rest, son of toil, in thy radiance adoring
One that is glorious, and mighty to save.
Soft sighs the wind, while the warblers are soaring
High o'er the willow that weeps on thy grave!

THE SOLDIER'S PARDON.

WILD blew the gale in Gibraltar one night,
As a soldier lay stretch'd in his cell;
And anon, 'mid the darkness, the moon's silver light
On his countenance dreamily fell.
Nought could she reveal but a man, true as steel,
That oft for his country had bled;
And the glance of his eye might the grim king defy,
For despair, fear, and trembling had fled.

But in rage he had struck a well-merited blow
At a tyrant who held him in scorn;
And his fate soon was seal'd, for alas! honest Joe
Was to die on the following morn.
Oh sad was the thought to a man that had fought
'Mid the ranks of the gallant and brave,—
To be shot through the breast at a coward's behest,
And laid low in a criminal's grave!

The night-call had sounded, when Joe was aroused
By a step at the door of his cell:
'Twas a comrade with whom he had often caroused,
That now enter'd to bid him farewell.

"Ah, Tom! is it you come to bid me adieu?
'Tis kind, my lad! give me your hand!
Nay—nay—don't get wild man, and make me a child!—
I'll be soon in a happier land!"

With hands clasp'd in silence, Tom mournfully said,
"Have you any request, Joe, to make?—
Remember by me 'twill be fully obey'd:
Can I anything do for your sake?"
"When it's over to-morrow!" he said, fill'd with sorrow,
"Send this token to her whom I've sworn
All my fond love to share!"—'twas a lock of his hair,
And a prayer-book, all faded and worn.

"Here's this watch for my mother; and when you write home—"
And he dash'd a bright tear from his eye
"Say I died with my heart in old Devonshire, Tom,
Like a man, and a soldier!——Good bye!"
Then the sergeant on guard, at the grating appear'd,
And poor Tom had to leave the cold cell,
By the moon's waning light, with a husky "Good night!—
God be with you, dear comrade!—farewell!"

Gray dawn'd the morn in a dull, cloudy sky,
When the blast of a bugle resounded;
And Joe, ever fearless, went forward to die,
By the hearts of true heroes surrounded.

"Shoulder arms!" was the cry, as the prisoner pass'd by:
"To the right about—march!" was the word;
And their pale faces proved how their comrade was loved,
And by all his brave regiment adored.

Right onward they march'd to the dread field of doom:
Sternly silent, they cover'd the ground;
Then they formed into line amid sadness and gloom,
While the prisoner look'd calmly around.
Then soft on the air rose the accents of prayer,
And faint toll'd the solemn death-bell,
As he knelt on the sand, and with uplifted hand,
Waved the long and the lasting farewell.

"Make ready!" exclaim'd an imperious voice:
——"Present!"——struck a chill on each mind;
Ere the last word was spoke, Joe had cause to rejoice,
For "Hold!—— Hold!" cried a voice from behind.
Then wild was the joy of them all, man and boy,
As a horseman cried, "Mercy!—— Forbear!"
With a thrilling "Hurrah!—— a free pardon!—— huzzah!"
And the muskets rung loud in the air!

Soon the comrades were lock'd in each other's embrace:
No more stood the brave soldiers dumb:
With a loud cheer, they wheel'd to the right-about-face
Then away at the sound of the drum!——

And a brighter day dawn'd in sweet Devon's fair land,
Where the lovers met, never to part;
And he gave her a token—true, warm, and unbroken—
The gift of his own gallant heart!

ODE TO AGNES.

Hail to thy dulcet strains, whose siren power
Doth soothe the soul with happiness and love;
Painting fair nature in her sunniest hour,
By gurgling crystal stream, and flowery grove,—
By shady dell,
Where roses kiss the silver dew, and balmy zephyrs dwell;—

By verdant bowers that bloom 'neath summer skies,
Where purple cloudlets float 'mid dazzling splendour;
And shining angels waft Elysian sighs,
Thrilling thy breast with feelings fond and tender;
While o'er thy dwelling,
The soaring lark salutes the morn, his joyous anthem swelling.

When kine are lowing in the distant glade,
And lambs are bleating on the emerald plain,—
When doves are wailing in the myrtle shade,
And floating echoes waft the mournful strain—
Then art thou found
'Mid waving pines that murmur sighs, with weirdly, solemn sound.

When dismal thunders roll 'neath dark'ning skies,
And foaming billows lash the rock-bound shore;
While o'er the surge the stormy petrel flies,
Her shriek resounding 'mid the tempest's roar,—
And mortals quail,
'Neath lurid lightning's wrathful glare, and wildly howling gale,—

Then roves thy muse where scaly Neptune dwells
Afar 'mid coral grots, and crystal caves,
Where pale-green Naïads sigh in pearly cells,
And warble dirges to the roaring waves,
Like maids lovelorn;
While rosy shells re-echo sweet the Triton's sounding horn.

To thee the slumbering Past reveals her story:—
The weeping willow by the mouldering tower,—
The hallow'd scenes of Scotia's ancient glory,—
The silent shades of Mary's hawthorn bower,—
Where manhood's duty
Inspired the theme of Rizzio's lay—the splendour of her beauty.

Thou 'st sung of Holyrood's emblazon'd halls,
When royal standard waved o'er sword and shield;
And startling trumpet shook her ancient walls,
As ardent monarchs sought the tented field;
While steel-clad breast
Was throbbing high, and proudly waved the warrior's lofty crest.

The Future hath inspired thy beauteous song,
"The spirit's home, it is not here on earth;"
Oh may thy spirit join that radiant throng—
That bright seraphic throng, of heavenly birth,
Whose voices rise
In joyous, loud hosannas, 'mid the boundless, starry skies!

STANZAS ON A PORTRAIT.

SWEET face so beautiful, now smiling there
Serene, unshadow'd by a cloud of sadness.
Soft snowy breast, and marble brow so fair:
Bright eyes, that ever beam with joy and gladness:
I muse with pain
On all those lovely glowing charms, I may not see again.

Methinks I view thee in thy bridal splendour—
The floral wreath thy fairy form entwining—
The ruby sparkling on thy bosom tender—
Bright gems among thy dark-brown tresses shining,
With light divine;
While softly throbb'd 'neath purple zone that guileless heart of thine.

And as I muse, sad memories of the past
Recall the joyless hour when hearts were swelling,
And eyes were dim, and brows were overcast,
And grief and sorrow fill'd thy father's dwelling;
While trembling fell
On all around, 'mid tears and sighs, the mournful word "Farewell!"

Oh may long years of gladness crown thy lover,
For whose dear sake thou stemm'd the dark-blue billow,
May guardian angels o'er thee gently hover,
And rosy dreams of home attend thy pillow;
While zephyrs mild
Waft from on high an angel's kiss to thy dear lovely child!

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

[Fought in Virginia, U.S., on July 21, 1861.]

THE Day of Rest was breaking o'er a land of beauty rare,
And the brightness of Aurora's smile shone faintly in the sky,
As the sullen sound of war's alarms was borne upon the air,
With the trumpet's warning blast, that told of battle swift and nigh.
Yet nought was there of sadness,
For all around was gladness,
As brothers march'd, with cheerful step, to conquer or to die!

Hark! onward now they come! death and all its terrors braving!
This day shall be a day of deeds, and glory shall be won!
Hark! onward now they come, with their banners proudly waving;
And serried ranks of bayonets are flashing in the sun.

Oh be Thou ever near them,
Thou God of battles! cheer them
With victory and honour; but Thy holy will be done!

Awake, ye dreamy woodlands!—hark! the trampling and the cheering,
As backward reels the Southern host, in all their vengeful ire.
See Slavery's ruthless angel, on her battle-steed careering,
As she flashes through the rifle-ranks her thunderbolts of fire,
Wildly rushing on her path;
Yet in vain her volley'd wrath,
While valour fills the gallant breasts of Northern son and sire!

Red radiant in her gory robes, malignant and defying,
Full loud amid the combat sounds her startling bugle-horn:
See through the rolling cannon-smoke, her swarthy sons are flying!
Her standard's shatter'd in the dust!—her boasted Stripes are torn!
While from earth to sunny sky,
There arises, loud and high,
A deaf'ning roar of "Victory!" on this all-hallow'd morn!

. . . . .

Awake, ye dreamy woodlands!—hark! the hollow drums are sounding!
Alas! 'twas but a frenzied dream, yon Northern shout of might.
Grim terror strides their wavering ranks—the Southern horse are bounding—
"Retreat! Retreat!" re-echoes 'mid the thunders of the fight.
And they rush, in frantic dread,
O'er the dying and the dead;
And the brightness of their glorious morn is turn'd to blackest night!

Oh Freedom's cry of anguish pierced her starry throne on high,
When the sons that bore her banner fled inglorious from the foe;
And Africa, in sorrow, shook her fetters with a sigh,
As thoughts of darker horror made the tear of pity flow.
While mothers fond were weeping
For the gallant heroes sleeping;
And on the midnight wind arose one wailing shriek of woe!

But loudly rang the voice of Hope, in accents sweet and cheering:
Oh mourn ye not in sadness o'er the Future's gloomy wave.

Defeat shall nerve the Northern arm to deeds of nobler daring,
For the hapless sons of Africa he'll succour yet, and save.
Then with triumph wide resounding,
And with drum and trumpet sounding,
The Northern flag shall proudly soar, with "*Freedom to the Slave!*"

THE FLIGHT OF KING FRANCIS OF NAPLES.

ONWARD he flies, amid grief and dismay,
With terror his craven heart bounding;—
Onward he flies from the dawning of day,
Scorch'd by the lightning of Liberty's ray;
For darkness and dungeons have vanish'd away,
And the horns of bright Freedom are sounding!

Onward he flies, and aloud in his ear
The ghosts of Palermo are crying,
"Traitor to all that is sacred and dear!—
Tremble, false king!—*Garibaldi is here!*"
And the coward grows pale with the madness of fear,
As afar, in wild frenzy, he 's flying.

Onward, yet on—ever rack'd with distrust—
No longer his destiny braving:
At the throne of the Despot he kneels for a crust,
With his sword in the scabbard, his crown in the dust;
For the fierce Lazzaroni's stilettos are rust,
And Emmanuel's banners are waving!

Hark! "*Viva l'Italia!*" now rings on her shore!—
Will the tyrant return to her? Never!
Lo! the flash of her cannon—the deep thunder-roar
Of her millions, proclaim that oppression is o'er;
For the Bourbon of Naples will triumph no more,
And the cry is "King Victor for ever!"

SOBIESKI'S BATTLE CRY.

MARCH and triumph, patriot band,
Warriors of the Bleeding Land!
Lo! 'mid rolling clouds on high,
The shade of royal majesty,
Proudly on his war-steed bounding;
Loud his silver clarion sounding—
"Swell the battle-cry, ye brave!
Freedom, or a glorious grave!

"Wake the bugle's shrill alarums!—
Wake! Sobieski calls to arms!
See, 'mid smoke and surging flame,
Martyrs crown'd for Poland's name!—
Vengeance for the dead and dying!
Vengeance for the widows sighing!
Swell the battle-cry, ye brave!
Freedom, or a glorious grave!

"Strike the tyrant's banner down!
Strike for Poland's old renown!
Guide, O God! the rushing swords—
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Hail the sabre wildly clashing!
Hail the deadly rifle flashing!—
Swell the battle-cry, ye brave!
Freedom, or a glorious grave!

"Let the war-flag proudly soar:
Bid the cannon's thunder roar:
Stay the Russian's fell advance:
Tartar spear, and Cossack lance:
See the ranks of Slavery quiver!—
Poland and the Poles for ever!—
Swell the battle cry, ye brave
Freedom, or a glorious grave

HARK! THE HORN OF ALBION SOUNDING!

HARK! the horn of Albion sounding!
Lion hearts her flag surrounding:
Gallant son, and valiant sire,
Fill'd with Freedom's glorious fire:
Death, and every danger braving,
Foeman's mercy never craving:
Swift on rolling echoes borne,
Hark! the sound of Albion's horn!

Let no braggart host assail her:
England's might shall never fail her;
Proudly in her starry isles,
Victory triumphant smiles:
High o'er earth and boundless ocean,
Burns the flame of fierce devotion:
Swift on rolling echoes borne,
Hark! the sound of Albion's horn!

Battle-fields renown'd in story
Yet may yield to brighter glory:
Laurel-wreaths of deathless fame,
Still shall crown Britannia's name:

Guns are flashing! hearts are bounding!
Shrill the trumpet's wide resounding!
Swift on rolling echoes borne,
Hark! the sound of Albion's horn!

Royal Mother! best and dearest!
Hallow'd be the grief thou bearest!—
While the tears of Britons brave
Still bedew thy Albert's grave,
Woe to him who dare enthral thee!
Woe to him who dare appal thee!
Swift on rolling echoes borne,
Hark! the sound of Albion's horn!

BRASILVERN.

A SCANDINAVIAN LEGEND.

[Strange and wild are the legendary fragments of the Icelandic chroniclers, and numerous are the instances of high-souled chivalry and fearless daring with which they abound. It was these qualities, in their highest state of development, that rendered the Northern tribes so invincible in war, and ultimately made them the subverters of the Roman Empire, and the scourge and terror of Europe. Their deeds of matchless prowess and unconquerable valour have been celebrated in song by many a hoary bard; while the warlike assemblage of bygone days has thrilled with joyous pleasure at the recital of deeds, the very nature of which, man, in his present state of civilisation, now shudders to contemplate.

The following legend relates to that memorable era in the heroic age of Scandinavian history, when the Banner of the Cross was but recently planted on the rugged shores of the North, then slowly emerging from the darkness of heathen superstition.

Gralthwin, surnamed *The Reckless*, was a pagan knight of herculean proportions, and vast muscular strength, whose frequent predatory incursions and savage cruelty had rendered him the terror of Norway. A Norman by birth, and of noble extraction, his wild and ungovernable excesses compelled him, even in that barbarous age, to flee his native country, and he became a Norse pirate. Accumulating immense plunder, during a sanguinary career on the ocean, he eventually retired with his ill

gotten wealth to a remote castle in Norway, the lord of which, with all his retainers, he surprised by night, and mercilessly put to the sword.

Conceiving an unbridled passion for a noble virgin, who was betrothed to Brasilvern, a valiant Danish knight in the service of Olaf the Saint, the reigning monarch of Norway, and finding his proposals received with scorn and indignation, he formed the design of carrying her off by stratagem, and for that purpose entered into a solemn compact with the Fire Fiend Hrasvelg, for the accomplishment of his enterprise—an enterprise the ultimate success of which was the heroic death of his victim, and the acceleration of his own miserable doom.]

Fytte the First.

THE INVOCATION OF THE RECKLESS KNIGHT.

THE thunder roar'd, the lightning flash'd,
The rushing hail, by fury driven,
O'er rocks and mountains wildly dash'd—
The god of day had fled from heaven;
No vestige of his light remain'd,
But dread Cimerian darkness reign'd.

High on a lofty rock appear'd
A being of gigantic form,
Whose loud, demoniac voice was heard
Exulting 'mid the angry storm.
'Twas Gralthwin, Norway's deadliest hound,
The scourge of all the country round.

"Scorch, lightning, with thy fiery breath,
Man, woman, child, and crawling worm!

Roar, thunder!—roar o'er hill and heath,
And crash amid the raging storm!
If mortal voice can reach thine ear,
Demon of Fire and Death, appear!

"By yawning cave's appalling gloom,
Where spectres wail in endless doom—
By lonely mere, and tangled shade,
Where bleach the bones of murder'd maid—
By the scorpion shield of Odin—
By the waves of drear Loffoden,
Foaming wild o'er many a grave
Of mail-clad jarl, and viking brave—
By the maelstroem's shriek of death
O'er the raging gulf beneath—
By the angry Storm Fiend's roar,
Sounding loud from shore to shore—
By blasted pine on haunted knoll,
Where lurks the ghost of savage Troll—
By the whirlwinds fierce that blow
Thro' realms of everlasting snow—
By the frowning, dread abode
Of Thor, the mighty thunder-god—
By ice-clad mount of roaring flame—
By all that trembles at thy name
In forest wild, and desert drear,
Demon of Fire and Death, appear!"

The norland blast howl'd dismally:
In angry gusts it moan'd and sigh'd.

"Appear!" was the exulting cry:
"Appear!" a mocking voice replied.
Then, tow'ring vast amid the storm,
Was seen a wild, unearthly form.

Swift on raven wing it came,
Cleaving hills and rocks asunder:
Fiercely glared its eyes of flame,
Flashing 'mid the roaring thunder:
Horror in its fiery breath—
Desolation, woe, and death.

Loud the hideous demon cried,
In tones resounding far and wide:—
"Who art thou that brav'st my ire,
And from the realms of quenchless fire
And endless wrath, hath, void of fear,
Invoked my sovereign presence here?"

"Thine aid, Hrasvelg, in mercy deign,"
The reckless Norman thus replied:
"A Christian vile, of Olaf's train,
Hath all my lordly vows defied.
If thou, great king, canst make her mine,
I swear to be for ever thine!

"Dark Brasilvern—oh hated word!—
Hath gain'd proud Zaroldwina's love;
And thousands of his race abhorr'd,
My deadlier enemies may prove,

If I but dare to wield my power,
And seize the minion in her bower.
For this, Hrasvelg, I thee invoke."

In hollow strain the demon spoke:—
"Of nought avails thy vengeful arm,
Unless impell'd by potent charm.
Take thou the loved one's earthly form,
And then the Christian's in thy power.
Methinks a banquet for the worm
Lies hid in Zaroldwina's bower.
But thou!—beware of deadly blow
From Brasilvern, thy mortal foe!"

Thus spake the fiend, and with a cry
That echo'd thro' the darken'd sky,
It whisper'd in the Norman's ear
A word that made him quake with fear.
High a dagger bright was gleaming—
Soon the gory flood was streaming
O'er the fatal fiery scroll
That doom'd to endless death his soul.

The solemn compact now was seal'd:
The angry tempest fiercer roar'd:
Bright flames the demon's form reveal'd:
"Lost!" was the awful word.
Then with a yell of import dread,
It spread its sable wings, and fled.

"Lost!" was on his brow engraven.
Sullen croak'd the midnight raven,
Wheeling o'er and o'er his head—
"Perish'd! lost! for ever dead!"
Onward, thro' the lonely wood,
Rush'd the bear in frantic mood,
Horror in his glaring eyes,
Horror in his savage cries:
Fiercely roar'd the foaming river,
"Lost for ever! lost for ever!"
Prowling wolf and wild-boar dread,
With dismal growls, in terror fled;
Fiercely roar'd the foaming river,
"Lost for ever! lost for ever!"
High 'mid clouds of blackest night,
Vultures scream'd, in wild affright:
Goblins howl'd, amid the gloom,
"Wretched mortal! wretched doom!"
Nature, trembling, reel'd and groan'd:
Loud the angry whirlwind moan'd;
While fiercer roar'd the foaming river,
"Perish'd, doom'd, and lost for ever!"

Fytte the Second.

ZAROLDWINA AND THE RECKLESS KNIGHT.

'Twas morn—the golden orb shone bright,
O'er grassy vale and crystal fountain:

With splendour shone his dazzling light
O'er pine-crown'd hill and lofty mountain;
While waving tree and fragrant flower
Blossom'd in many a bosky bower.

In sleep profound, 'neath sylvan shade,
A maiden lay in tranquil peace,
Unconscious of the dangers laid
To blast her happiness.
Fair Zaroldwina soon awoke,
And thus the dawning stillness broke:—

"Lovely flowers of beauty rare,
With balmy odours fill the air:
Bright Aurora of the morn,
In all her charms hath smiled again.
Hark! the fearless huntsman's horn,
Winding o'er the distant plain!—
Softly chimes the matin bell.
Slow the monks approach their cell.
Sweet the warblers of the grove
Chant their dulcet songs of love!"

A gentle sound fell on her ear;
And now, with mingled joy and fear,
The maiden listened, and again
She heard a thrilling, manly voice
Carolling a well-known strain
That made her heart rejoice.

She gazed around, and fleet as thought
Her bright blue eye with rapture caught
The glancing crest, and princely smile
Of Brasilvern—oh semblance vile!
No more by waving pines conceal'd,
The ardent trembler stood reveal'd;
And awed fair Zaroldwina felt,
As at her feet he humbly knelt.

"Arise," she said, "why dost thou kneel
To Zaroldwina in this guise?
Hast braced thine armour of bright steel
To charm my wond'ring eyes?
Oh tell me why thy look so stern,
My valiant, peerless Brasilvern?"

The knight said nought, but wildly clasp'd
The startled maiden to his breast:
Her silken locks were rudely grasp'd—
A shriek told all the rest.
Then swiftly, on his bounding steed,
He bore her off with lightning speed.

O'er rugged crag—o'er hill and dale—
The fiery panting charger flew,
Till, frowning o'er a lonely vale,
A castle met the view:
They enter'd, and the deaf'ning clang
Of bolts and chains now loudly rang.

Faint the taper's flickering glare
On Zaroldwina, all alone:
No kind and gentle friend was there
To soothe her wild, despairing moan.
Oh dim was now her beauteous eye
With burning tears of agony.

But lo! an armèd tread was heard
Approaching where the damsel lay:
Soon by her side a form appear'd
Of sullen, dark malignity:
His visage now no charm conceal'd—
Gralthwin the Reckless stood reveal'd!

Appall'd with dread, the injured fair
Fell prone before the Reckless Knight.
(She look'd the image of Despair,—
So sad and awful was her plight.)
"Oh why am I," she feebly said,
"By dastard Norman foul betray'd?"

"Dastard Norman, ladye fair!"
Cried the knight, in taunting scorn—
(Fierce his eyes with vengeance glare:
Better had she ne'er been born,
Than thus, with word of import dire,
Aroused the ruthless Norman's ire.)

"A dastard took thee from thy bower
To fill his arms, or feed a worm:

A dastard, fair one, had the power
To take a crawling reptile's form;
And by Valhalla's halls above,
Thou 'rt now a dastard's ladye-love!"

"Oh never, while the sun doth shine,
Will I become thy willing slave:
O blessed Mary! mother mine!
Receive me, while I seek my grave!"
Then fervently, with bursting sigh,
She kiss'd her golden rosary.

Aghast the boastful Norman gazed,
As now with stern resolve possess'd,
The poniard keen she swiftly raised,
And, fearless, pierced her snowy breast!
"Thus, broken heart, thy griefs are o'er!"
She faintly moan'd, and was no more.

Fytte the Third.

BRASILVERN IN SORROW.

Weary and lone, in anguish keen,
With visage frowning, dark, and stern,
A warrior by his steed was seen—
'Twas fearless, noble Brasilvern:
Deep were the pangs that fill'd his breast;
And drooping was his raven crest.

"Blessed spirits, bright and fair!"
(Thus the lover made his moan,)
"Mock me not in my despair—
Tell me, whither has she gone?
List!—oh list ye to my cry,
And soothe me in mine agony!"

Scarce spake had he, 'mid blinding tear,—
Dejected, sad, and sore forlorn,
When lo! there fell upon his ear
The piercing blast of bugle horn;
And soon appear'd, on foaming steed,
A vassal brave, at headlong speed.

"Haste thee, master mine!" he cried;
"Call thy horsemen stout and bold:
Wave thy banner far and wide,
And hie thee to the Norman's hold;
For in the tyrant Gralthwin's lair,
Full lowly lies thy ladye fair!"

"While scouring o'er the lonely wold,
A minion vile, of Gralthwin's brood,
To me the dismal tidings told
In fiery tone, and taunting mood:
Enraged, my sword leapt from its sheath,
And stretch'd him lifeless on the heath!

"Oh haste thee, haste!" again he cried,
"Call thy horsemen stout and bold:

Wave thy banner far and wide,
And hie thee to the Norman's hold;
For in the tyrant Gralthwin's lair,
Full lowly lies thy ladye fair!"

Thus spake he to his dauntless chief,
And now full well did he discern,
With kindling glance, the piercing grief
That fill'd the soul of Brasilvern,
As every gesture of his form
Betray'd the inward raging storm.

Fiercely on his steed he sprang,
Vengeance flashing from his eye—
Loud the brazen trumpet rang—
Swell'd afar his battle-cry!—
On he dash'd, all danger braving!—
Thousands round his banner waving!—

Onward—onward—swift advancing—
Clarions sounding—chargers prancing—
Buckler, spear, and falchion gleaming:
Bright the eye with ardour beaming;—
On by Hertha's snow-clad mountain—
On by Freya's sacred fountain—
On by ruin'd temple rare
Of Balder, beauteous, bright and fair—
On by brake, and gloomy mound,
Bowers with ancient ivies crown'd,
Silent tarns, and dark ravines,
'Mid rushing winds, and moaning pines,

Blending with the bison's roar;
Shaggy wolf and bristling boar
Darting fierce, on son and sire,
Angry gleams of living fire.—
Onward—onward—swift advancing—
Clarions sounding—chargers prancing—
Gaily waves each lofty crest—
Proudly throbs each steel-clad breast,
As in hopes to meet their foe,
Onward—onward—still they go!

Swift the radiant Prince of Day,
Descending, kiss'd the virgin West:
Brightly shone each dazzling ray,
As smilingly he sunk to rest;
Fondly in her arms retiring,
All the starry spheres admiring.

Now before their longing eyes
The towers of haughty Gralthwin rise
Faintly in the dusky light,
Looming vast in giant might;
Till eve's tempest-laden pall
Spreads huge darkness over all.
Now the cloud-rack bursts in twain,
Downward falls the drenching rain;
Sudden, from Valhalla's shore,
Flash the thunderbolts of Thor—
Oaks and elms full prostrate lie—
Hoarse the angry raven's cry—

Sullen flits the bat o'erhead—
Moans the owl in terror dread—
As 'mid glare of burning brand,
Onward march the dauntless band.

Fytte the Fourth.

BRASILVERN IN TRIUMPH.

Darkly scowl'd the Reckless Knight,
As wrathfully he gazed around,
And by the blazing fagot's light
That flash'd amid the gloom profound,
Beheld advancing, grim and stern,
The rushing horde of Brasilvern.

Hoary Scalds their deeds were singing:
Loud the mountain-path was ringing
With roundelays of love and war,
And chant of Eric's Battle-Car;
And as the Storm Fiend howl'd on high,
Yet louder rang their revelry;
While oft with fitful, sudden clang,
Hauberk, shield, and gorget rang,
As, roused by many a warlike strain,
They charged, and wheel'd, and charged again.

Hoarsely fell upon his ear
The mocking laugh, the taunting jeer

Of proud contempt and bitter scorn;
Till, high on howling night-wind borne,
A shout rose upward from the crowd
Of deadly vengeance, long and loud.

The Norman heard, and fiercely gleam'd
His dark-gray eye with hatred dire:
Aloft his blood-red pennon stream'd
O'er battlement and turret-spire;
While 'mid the belfry's shrill alarums,
Arose the startling cry—"To arms!"

"Wave high the flaming brand!" he said;
"For by this trusty arm and true,
That oft hath wielded trenchant blade,
Yon haughty Dane this night shall rue!"
And as he spake, the flaming brand
Waved high in many a daring hand.

Hark! amid the din surrounding,
Loud the Norman trumpet's sounding:
"'Tis the craven's dying knell!"
Gralthwin cries, with frantic yell.
"Dungeon, dagger, rack, and sorrow,
Hunger, raging thirst, and woe,
Be the doom of him to-morrow,
Who with flinching meets the foe!"

Now from many a turret high,
Clouds of deadly arrows fly:

Brightly gleam the castle walls—
Down the massive draw-bridge falls—
On, with loud defiant shout,
  Wild and daring—madly brave—
Rush the savage Norman rout,
  Fearless of a bloody grave!

Now by lightning's lurid flash,
  And fiery signal's dusky glare,
Ranks on ranks with fury dash,
  And battle rages everywhere.
Falchion, spear, and buckler clashing—
Flaming sword on helmet crashing—
Groan the wounded—shriek the dying—
Fleet the foaming war-steed flying,
Snorting fiercely in his wrath,
Trampling all who cross his path.

Tow'ring high, 'mid hostile spears,
Gralthwin's stalwart form appears:
Soon his piercing eyes discern
The waving plumes of Brasilvern:
Swift as thought he spurs his steed,
And, panting, strives for mighty deed.

Now on casque and shining mail,
Blows are falling thick as hail:
"Yield thee!—yield!" the Norman cries—
Stern his dauntless foe replies:—
"When thou art high as mountain hoar—
When thou art brave as mighty Thor—

When thou art fierce as raging sea—
Then, Gralthwin, will I yield to thee!
But *thou!*—proud reptile of a day!—
Dark blot on fair humanity!—
Fell ravisher, and ruffian vile,
With coward heart of fraud and guile,
My soul abhors with deadly hate,
And nerves the blow that seals thy fate!'
And as he spake, with kindling eye
He raised his battle-axe on high;—
A moment ceas'd the war-cry dread—
A moment slack'd the carnage red—
A moment paled the faggot's gleam—
A moment hush'd the vulture's scream—
As down the flashing weapon flew,
And pierced the glist'ning corslet through!

Now in saddle blindly reeling,
Bathed in gore, the Reckless Knight
Swift his gallant charger wheeling,
Safety seeks in instant flight;
While around him rises high
The deaf'ning shouts of victory!

Fytte the Fifth.

THE DOOM OF THE RECKLESS KNIGHT.

Onward to his lofty dwelling
Flies he o'er the battle-ground:

Now with rage his heart is swelling—
  Furtively he looks around.
Lo! 'mid gleaming spears and lances,
Swift his conqu'ring foe advances!

On—still on—at headlong speed,
  Quivering arrows round him flying:
Down—ah! down at last his steed—
  Plunging, foaming, gasping, dying.
Fiercely now at bay he stood,
Faint and pale with loss of blood.

Higher rose the foemen's cheer,
  As Gralthwin cried, in accents stern,
"Strike!—trembling lance and shrinking spear!—
  Strike!—lordly, gracious Brasilvern!
Strike!—while Odin's thunder calls
Gralthwin to Valhalla's halls!"

Fierce the wrathful knight replied,
  "Robber! ere I seal thy doom,
Tell me of my beauteous bride,
  Consign'd through thee to early tomb:
And by thy vile demoniac art,
For ever lost to this poor heart."

Tauntingly dark Gralthwin cried:—
"Com'st thou, then, to seek thy bride?
Would'st thou see those hated charms,
Never more to fill thine arms?"
And as he spake, in haughty pride,
He *led the* way with reeling stride,

Till, pausing at a dreary cell,
He stagger'd, groan'd, and gasping fell.

Now by the taper's trembling light,
A scene appalling met the knight;
For there—oh mournful sight so dread—
Lay Zaroldwina—cold and dead!

Frantic stood the lover there,
Gazing on that comely form,
Once so beautiful and fair,
But now, alas! to feed a worm.
Sore he wept, as oft he press'd
The lifeless maiden to his breast.

Plunged in grief, he paced the cell,
Giving vent to dismal moan:
Sullen toll'd the midnight bell—
Faint the Norman's dying groan,
As, with glassy, sunken eye,
He writhed in mortal agony.

Then suddenly a voice was heard
Mumbling Zaroldwina's name;
And lo! a hoary monk appear'd,
With stooping gait, and trembling frame;
Sad he waved his hands on high.
And murmur'd "*Benedicite!*"

But soon he saw—oh hideous sight—
The fatal brand on Gralthwin's arm,

And shrinking back in ghastly fright,
Appall'd, he cried in wild alarm,
"*Maria, mater gratiæ!*
O miserere Domine!"

He knelt, but ere he breathed a prayer,
Dismay upon his visage fell:
The lightning flash'd with startling glare,
And peals of thunder shook the cell;
Then swiftly on his gleaming path,
Appear'd the fiend in sullen wrath.

"Avaunt! avaunt! Satanas dread!
Fly to thy den of darkness!—fly!"
The holy father, trembling, said,
With sacred symbol raised on high.
Then brighter was the lightning's flash,
And louder was the thunder's crash,
As, bending o'er the Norman vile,
And waving fierce the fiery scroll,
The fiend exclaim'd, with weirdly smile,
"Die, Gralthwin!—die, and yield thy soul!"

With piercing shriek of woe he died;
The demon grimly laugh'd and jeer'd:
"*For ever lost and doom'd!*" it cried,
As 'mid the flames they disappear'd,
With many a groan and savage yell,
To regions dire where none can tell.

. . . . .

Beneath yon fair and lofty pine,
Whose spreading branches sadly wave
Where weeping cypress boughs entwine,
Is Zaroldwina's lonely grave,
All o'er with flowers of beauty rare,
Her faithful lover planted there.

COME, GIE'S THY HAUN' ANCE MAIR.

A MASONIC SONG.

COME, gie 's thy haun' ance mair, brither,
While festive joys abound,
An' sons o' mystic glory meet
On manhood's hallow'd ground;—
While trusty hearts are thrabbin' high
Wi' gowden pleasures rare,
Come raise the crystal cup divine,
An' gie 's thy haun' ance mair.

While love 's the sacred tie, brither,
That binds true Masons here;
An' prince an' peasant twine the wreath
O' friendship ever dear;—
While silver radiance brightly crowns
The Compass and the Square,
Raise high the sparklin' cup divine,
An' gie 's thy haun' ance mair.

While thochts o' ither days, brither,
Bring back frae auld lang syne
The kindly chields, for ever gane,
That cheer'd thy heart an' mine;—

While ever-waukrife memory
Fills mony a vacant chair;
Raise high the sparklin' cup divine,
An' gie 's thy haun' ance mair.

While courage nerves thine arm, brither,
To stem life's surging tide;
May honour be thy beacon-star,
An' virtue be thy guide;
Till time proclaims the last high twelve
On earth thou'lt ever share;
Then raise the sparklin' cup divine,
An' gie 's thy haun' ance mair.

JEANIE'S DREAM.

Bonnie Jeanie sleepit in a lanesome rushy dell—
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree;
An' she dreamt she saw her dearie i' the lanesome rushy dell,
Wi' a lassie by his side, but her name she couldna tell;
For her hame was in yon bonnie land where happy spirits dwell—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

Sair her heart was thrabbin' as she lookit at the twa—
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree;
An' aye at ilka fond word her buirdly luve let fa',
A gowden ray o' glory stream'd in beauty owre them a';
While the siller bells were chiming thro' the lanely leafy shaw—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

"Now, by our Lady's benison, dear maiden, ye'll be mine!"—
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree;

She waved her angel wings an' sigh'd, wi' glance o' luve divine,
Then clasp'd her lily hauns, an' said, "I daurna weel be thine;
For I'm a bride in Heaven, an' my luve I winna tyne"—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

"'Mang myrtle groves my lover dwells in yon dear land sae fair"—
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree—
"Where the radiant beams o' glory kiss the balmy simmer air;
Where the crystal seas o' emerald are shinin' evermair;
Where the birds are warblin' bonnily, for nocht o' sorrow's there"—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

Saft sigh'd the wind amang the shady bowers sae green—
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree—
Her sunny locks were waved aside—a rosy face was seen;
'Twas the face o' bonnie Jeanie, wi' her sparklin' lauchin' een;
Syne she faded frae his bosom in a cloud o' siller sheen—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

Lichtly Jeanie waukent as the dewy gloamin' fell—
Hush'd was the mavis on the birken tree—
Oh the joy that fill'd her tender breist nae tongue could ever tell,

For the bonnie angel o' her dream was Jeanie's bonnie sel';
Sae she wander'd blithely singin' owre the lanesome rushy dell—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

CHOICE REFLECTIONS OF A GOOD MAN.

Oh comfortable and pleasant it is, when the Sabbath-day is ended,
To sit all alone by the parlour fire, unconscious of having offended,
In one jot or tittle, the Ten Commands given on Mount Sinai to Moses,
Save a few little nothings that do no more harm than homœopathical doses.

I rode in my carriage to church to-day, and heard an address on humility;
The subject was handled uncommonly well, with the gentleman's usual ability.
Oh that the people had felt, like me, its practical application;
But alas! alas for the blinded pride of this perverse generation!

What though, as I sat, all entranced in my pew, with the finest of pulpit discourses,
The coachman was out all the time in the air, looking after the valu'ble horses.

His immortal concerns I care nothing about; and, besides, 'twould have been very odd,
Had the spirited animals bolted away, and left *me* to walk home all the road!

Why did the wretches wink hard at *me*, in the midst of those gospel strains?
Was it because in the Synod, last week, I spoke against Sunday trains?
Oh when will the boors take a father's advice to do good, and abhor what is evil?
Wasting the precious water and coals, and running express to the devil!

Or was it because I demanded a law to abolish accurs'd inebriety;
And spoke for five hours for a further increase of the Anti-Tobacco Society?
Again, I ask, why did they wink hard at *me*, like a parcel of fierce Polar bears?
If I *do* like a tumbler and pipe, now and then, that 's my own private business, not theirs.

And what though I *am* at a time overcome with an alcoholic rapture?
Was Lot any better, I 'd like much to know? (see Genesis, 19th chapter.)
Thank heaven, there 's no public exposure with *me*, for I always retire to my closet;
And I slumber as soft as a new-born babe, and nobody ever knows it!

Last night, at five minutes from twelve, I was reading
with unalloyed gratification,
That for breach of the Sabbath, a printer had suffered
most righteous condemnation ;
The reverend gent. did uncommonly well in startling
surrounding nations
With a loud and a terrible blast that will sound through
endless generations !

" Large-hearted chosen of Israel, wake up !" as I said
at last meeting of session ;
" Sons of consistency ! may we be always as true to our
Christian profession.
Whatever the children of wrath may do, let *us* keep
bravely out of it ;
And verily we shall have our reward ; I haven't the
smallest doubt of it!"

Now for a sacred duty.—Hence, vile Tempter !—hence
from mine ear,
Whisp'ring of Grant and Sherman, and an awful crisis
near,*
When Monday's paper comes, ah then—but hush ! are
such affairs
A proper theme for Sabbath night ? No—ring the bell
for prayers !

* The above was written in anticipation of the telegram that announced the fall of Richmond.

TRADE, AND OTHER PIECES.

Third Division.

September 7, 1861.

PETITION

AN EDINBURGH PRINTER,

FOR

Justice, Mercy, and Fair Play.

PARTY, Agent.

Mr QUEER, Clerk.

UNTO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORDS OF COUNCIL AND SESSION,

THE

PETITION

OF

AN EDINBURGH PRINTER,

Humbly sheweth,

Sept. 7
1861.

THAT of this date, in this sweet year of grace,
Your poor Petitioner 's in great dejection ;
For months he 's stood before an *empty case*,*

* The lower wooden "case," before which the compositor stands, is divided into large and small compartments, or *boxes*,

And how to *set*'s beyond his recollection.
The Doctor says he 'll do for live dissection.
So shrunk is he, so haggard, and so lean,
That all his bones may easily be seen.

That goods and gear have underwent the hammer—
Not e'en the value of a mite remaining:
That children cry for bread with deaf'ning clamour:
While his poor wife, a joyful heart yet feigning,
To cheer him, smiles, while bitter tears are raining
Adown her pale, worn cheek, that looks so sad,
In spite of all her efforts to be glad.

That goodly numbers of the well-deserving,
Who served their term of seven long years' duration,
By night and day, to learn the *Art of Starving*,
Are reaping *now* the fruits of their probation;
Subject to every wave of fluctuation,
And sighing for the joys of boyhood's revel,
When care and want were strangers to the *Devil.* *

That when, at times, a little *does* drop in
At close of day, when Nature seeks repose,
With failing strength he boldly strives to win,

into which the small letters of the alphabet are placed, and from which he lifts, or *sets up*, the types. Placed in an inclined position above the lower, is the upper case, containing the capital letters.

* The youngest apprentice in a printing-office.

Thro' the long night, a respite from his woes—
Quaffing the milk and honey as it flows
In pagey driblets, till the stream runs dry,
And larks are singing in the morning sky,—

What marvel if, on homeward destination,
(A tempting snug retreat right in his way,)
He seeks the comfort of a *small sensation*,
To cheer his heart against the weary day?—
My Lords, don't blame him. Let the Purist say
His mocking gibe with many an unctuous groan,
And as he is no sinner—cast the stone.

That MS. like Chinese, besides abounding
In interlineation, transposition,
And punctuation common sense confounding,
Oft places Typo in a sad condition.
In vain he tries, with endless repetition,
To scan the sense—alas!—*his* senses fag,
And when the *proof* appears, *there waves a flag!**

That, *inter alia*, for all his trouble,
His pay 's too small—and that 's a true confession—
For, at the very least, it should be *double*.
(Printers, you know, are *Artists* by profession!)
I pray your Lordships, pardon this digression—

* When the compositor leaves out any words of his *copy*—that is, the manuscript or print from which he is composing—it is called *an out*, *a cow*, or *a flag*. Such errors he is of course bound to rectify at his own expense.

But banish to the shadowy realms of Fate,
Your Interlocutor of ancient date! *

That Brethren of the *Bar*† stand by their *horses*,‡
Footsore and weary, spirits crush'd and broken:
Their stomachs fill'd with oft-repeated courses
Of balmy air, and many a verdant docken!
The *flying-frisket*,§ and the *heavy token*,‖
Are seen no more—poor souls! 'twould be no sin
To mesmerise them till October's in! ¶

That, worse and worse—if worse can be transcended--
Fair maids are coming in their crinolines,
Who never in creation were intended,

* The Interlocutor here referred to was pronounced by Lord Islay Campbell in the Court of Session on 22d December 1804, by which the scale of prices of the Journeymen Compositors of Edinburgh was legally fixed and guaranteed.

† Pressmen, called *Brethren of the Bar*, from their using the bar, or lever of the press, while taking an impression.

‡ *Horses*—inclined wooden frames on which the paper is placed previous to being printed.

§ The *frisket* is a slender iron frame attached to the printing press. Its chief use is to preserve clean the paper while in course of being printed. When the press is in full operation, the rapid evolutions of the frisket, especially if seen from a distance, bear no inapt resemblance to the flight of a bird.

‖ A *token* of paper is 250 sheets.

¶ This refers to the Repeal of the Paper Duty in October 1861, a measure which printers fondly expected would result in a considerable extension of their trade. It cannot be said, however, that their anticipations were realised to any appreciable extent.

(Despite the platitudes of rash divines)
To *lock up forms*,* nor yet *make even lines*†—
Whose *proper* calling is (smile not, my Emily !)‡
To scour the pots and pans, and mind the family !

That such bright scenes—" Kiss me, my dear Amelia,
Then go on *chargeables*,§ all *time* defying ! "

* When the types are set up and arranged into pages, they are tied up and placed on a smooth surface, termed an *imposing stone*. They are then enclosed in an iron frame or *chess*, the pages being secured on all sides by pieces of wood, called *furniture*, each piece having its own appropriate name. The cords are then taken off, and little slips of wood called *quoins* are wedged in between the furniture and the chess. The surface of the type is then *planed* over by the application of a mallet on a smooth piece of wood termed a *planer*. The quoins are then driven up tightly by the mallet and *shooting-stick*, or wooden chisel; the result of which is, that the whole mass lifts from the imposing-stone like a solid block or *form*; and the latter operation, by which this is effected, is termed *locking up the form*.

† This technicality requires, like the preceding, some little explanation. For example: a long speech comes into a Newspaper Office from the Reporter at, perhaps, the midnight hour, for the morning publication, without a paragraph from beginning to end. A few lines are given to each Compositor, who must space the words out in such a manner that the last word of his *copy* shall fall at the end of a line. This operation is termed *making even lines*; and almost invariably demands considerable calculation and scheming on the part of the compositor.

‡ Miss Emily Faithfull of London, a celebrated employer of female labour.

§ When a proof is returned from an Author, with, perhaps, extensive alterations, the compositor who rectifies them is entitled to charge so much per hour. While thus engaged, he is said to be *on chargeables, on time*, or on corrections.

"*Empty, and cast instanter,** sweet Ophelia!"
Alas! her lovely lines want *justifying!*
She shrieks!——the *pye* 's in all directions flying!—
That such bright scenes, my Lords, (avaunt all malice,)
Will never do for *Session-work* or *Dailies!*

That they, the angels of this mundane sphere,
Should not with *Printing* spoil their fair complexions
Between ourselves, my Lords, it *does* sound queer—
A lovely rosy virgin on corrections!
Better to see her vending sweet confections,
With smiling glances from her dark blue eye,
Than *bunkering for sorts,*† or *clearing pye!*‡

[Here follows the prayer.]

Therefore your Lordships may it humbly please,
When all the labours of this Long Vacation

* When the *composing-stick*, in which the types are set up, is filled with as many lines as it will contain, it is emptied, and its contents placed on a *galley*—a smooth-surfaced framework, on which the compositor places each successive *stickful*. *Empty and cast instanter*, is more of a Newspaper-office phrase; denoting, "Empty the stick on the galley, and get a proof immediately." If, through carelessness, the lines are not properly spaced out and compactly adjusted, or *justified*, the *stickful* is transferred with difficulty; and if persisted in, the result may be a general wreck of letters, points, and spaces, in one confused heap; and this is termed *pye*.

† A compositor on a long and harassing search for some particular type or *sort*, during which he is often compelled to lift and unlock large forms of heavy weight, is said to be *bunkering or sorts*.

‡ The task of separating the different kinds or *founts* of type

In shooting Rabbits, Turkeys, Hares, and Geese,
Approach at last their painful termination,
To hear this Case, the first in Roll rotation
On the Probabilis Causa Litigandi.*
[*That pretty phrase just now came very handy!*]

Hear it not fractiously, nor yet at random—
Nor hedge it round with solemn legal fetter;
Nor yet on any cause make avizandum;†
The sooner 'tis despatch'd, my Lords, the better.
There's many a heart will own itself your debtor.
Decide quam primum—*give your wigs no rest!*
Delays are dangerous—probatum est!

Primo, *My Lords, that ye this day ordain,*
And grant due warrant, with the usual powers,
That henceforth those who print shall write more plain,
And send their work at reasonable hours,—
For oft the Devil on his midnight tours
Up doleful stairs—in mortal dread of robbers—
Has broke his little neck when out for Jobbers!‡

Secundo, *That this day ye do ordain*
(*Although 'twill cause some little consternation,*)
That labour taxing heavily the brain,
Deserves far worthier remuneration.
Tertio *that ere ye taste the next Vacation,*

at have become mixed together—generally allotted to the evil, and often against his inclination—is termed *clearing pye.*
* The Poor's Roll. † Delayed for consideration.
‡ Compositors or Pressmen not regularly employed.

Ye from your purse shall aid the Printer's store,
And you 'll enjoy the breezes all the more!

And, Quarto, *That this day ye do ordain,*
That Eve's fair daughters keep their proper place,
Nor longer henceforth tread in Man's domain,
And sink his craft in ruin and disgrace.
There 's many an opening for a blooming face
'Mid toys and baby-linens, where sweet madam
Will do far better than the sons of Adam!

Now, if some mystic phrase is left unsaid—
Some tortuosity past comprehension
(Born in the womb of Chaos, I 'm afraid,—
At all events, of doubtful, dark invention),
'Tis better out, in my poor apprehension.
So don't on that account give counter writ,
But——do as to your Lordships shall seem fit.

According to Justice, &c.

(Signed) J—— S——.

THE FEMALE PRINTER'S LAMENTATION.

To the air of The Wayworn Traveller.

TENDER-HEARTED Christians of all denominations,
Listen to the sorrows of a female tramp:
Far from my friends and respectable relations;
Shiv'ring with the cold, and benumb'd with cramp.
Every one annoys me;
No one employs me;
Pigs and *asses** sneer all;
Little *devils* jeer all.
Tender-hearted Christians of all denominations,
Listen to the sorrows of a female tramp!

I once was with a poult'rer of delectable urbanity,
And happy were my days among the hares and snipes;
But a red-nosed philanthropist imposed upon my vanity,
And wiled me from the cocks and hens, to set up types,
Says he, "'Tis nice enjoyment,
Such delicate employment!
You 'll make such charming wages,
A-setting up the pages!

* Familiar terms for Pressmen and Compositors. *Devils*—the youngest apprentices.

Tender-hearted Christians of all denominations,
Listen to the sorrows of a female tramp!

I paid a heavy sum to learn a trade of such gentility;
But when my time was out, in vain were all my prayers,
For they told me I must trudge; so in a state of high tranquillity,
I girdled on my crinoline, and walk'd down stairs!
All my precious money gone—
Nothing left but skin and bone:
Sobbing, "Drat the *ems* and *ens!*
Wish I saw the cocks and hens!"
Tender-hearted Christians of all denominations,
Listen to the sorrows of a female tramp!

I went into a *Daily*,* in a state of desperation,
With a *stick* upon my shoulder and a *galley* by my knee;
When the villains gave me *copy* that defied all penetration;
While they roar'd, "Pay your entry!" to a poor girl like me!
Then I tried a *Bookery*,†
And *turn'd for sorts*‡ on cookery;

* A Newspaper Office. For *stick, galley*, and *copy*, see notes at pp. 265, 268.

† An office where books, &c., are printed.

‡ When a compositor is in want of any particular type, and is obliged, after a fruitless search, to substitute something else until the type or *sort* can be procured—generally a very mortifying occupation, as it takes up time without payment—he is said to be *turning for sorts*.

Next I did some *Sessional*,*
But—wasn't quite professional.
Tender-hearted Christians of all denominations,
Listen to the sorrows of a female tramp!

Oh what ever tempted me to be a female donkey!
I'd rather learn'd an art with more transcendent scope—
Burnishing a frying-pan, and chatting with a flunkey,
Or warbling "Next for shaving!" in a barber's shop.
Vending French and German toys,
Balls and hoops for girls and boys;
Or selling snuff to parish nuns,
Far from *pròofs* like *currant buns*!†
Tender-hearted Christians of all denominations,
Listen to the sorrows of a female tramp!

A brother artist woo'd me with addresses most effectual,
For my typographic buzzom did his sweet *form*‡ adore;
But I could neither wash nor darn, I was so intellectual;
So he took to drink and 'listed, and I never saw him more.
His last sweet words to me were these:—
"You jade! you've pillaged all my E's;
Broken my heart with I O U's;
And knock'd me off my P's and Q's!"

* Court of Session papers—law printing.
† A proof covered with blunders is ironically termed *a currant bun*.
‡ See first note on p. 267.

Tender-hearted Christians of all denominations,
Listen to the sorrows of a female tramp!

I've a pair of small compositors, the image of their father:
They wander daily by my side, with elongated faces:
The pretty twinnies bring me all their little hands can gather;
For their mother's *lines* have fallen, alas! in most unpleasant places!
One day I took them on my back,
And ask'd a job from sour M'Snack:
"My stick, sir, 's very *just*,"* said I;
"Then cut it quick!" was his reply.
Tender-hearted Christians of all denominations,
Listen to the sorrows of a female tramp!

Oh all ye blooming maidens gay, whate'er your rank or station.
Take warning from a sister who was once as fair:
Never cope presumptuously with lords of the creation,
Or, like myself, you'll come to—plenty nice fresh air!
Besides, a *comp.* with crotchets rife,
Can never make a proper wife:
Her typographic whims and dorts
Will put the best man *out of sorts*.
Tender-hearted Christians of all denominations,
Now you've heard the sorrows of a female tramp!

* It is necessary that the sides of the composing-stick be perfectly square, or *just*, otherwise the lines that it contains will not be of uniform breadth.

THE TRAMP IN HIS GLORY.*

THE pipe 's out at last, and the quart measure 's dry:
I 'm going—I 'm going—who follows?
To the road—to the road, boys, and never say die!
Hurrah for the hills and the hollows!
Avaunt the vile drug of monotonous slavery!
Freedom 's a banquet refreshing and savoury,
All the better when season'd by Tramps,
And other respectable scamps,
With the high-pepper'd spice of intelligent knavery.

Let grim grabbing Avarice turn up his eyes
In scorn at my breezy vocation:
May the hopeful old Sobersides toil till he dies,
With the prospect of canonisation.
This truth I 'll proclaim—let all earthworms know it:
My card 's the true charmer wherever I show it;
For to all my necessities heedful,
It opens the way to the needful;
And enables me—oh how serenely!—to go it!

* The subject of these verses is a type of that class of thoroughly practical roadsters, who eke out a miserable subsistence by travelling from town to town with a relief card, having generally abandoned all thought of employment.

What though through the country I walk amid frowns,
With my coat out at elbows, and trowsers in danger;
When I enter the gates of the flourishing towns,
How very politely they welcome a stranger!
As I doff my old hat with a bow and a smile,
And whistle the tune of "*One Penny per Mile;*"
Then with soapy, mellifluous pother,
I tickle the one and the other,
By coming it strong in the snivelling style:—

"Dear Gents, here's my card, and this heart overflows
To present it; but what can I do?
I haven't been working since—Lord only knows—
(And this, on my conscience, is true.)
And now, what with 'prentices, fierce competition,
And machinery vile, the trade's gone to perdition.
Oh cursed be the day I e'er saw it!"
Thus gently and mildly I draw it;
With "*Hunger's a Thorn*" by the way of addition.

Then they give me relief, and a tear fills my eye (?)
As I think on the pockets I've bled;
And I totter downstairs with "God bless you!—good bye!"
And a weariful shake of the head.
But quickly ignoring the sorrowful line,
With a thrill of delight, I bolt under the sign—
"*Ale and Porter consumed on the Premises:*
Old Tommy as ancient as Nemesis:"
Then I shout for a quart of Brown Nancy divine.

'Tis brought me; and Pan gets a hymn in his praise,
(I don't mean that satyr of old;
But his worthier namesake of modern days,
That takes off the chill when its cold!)
Then with 'backy clouds flying in beauteous gyration,
I feel I 'm the happiest cock in the nation;
Till I 'm more than half-seas over,
And, generally speaking, in clover;
Then I tumble to bed in bright mystification.

I 'm up like the lark, with no throb in my brow,
Again on the long road to travel;
Then with one glass of grog, and my pipe all aglow,
Right boldly I dash o'er the gravel.
And when, once again, the day's journey is o'er,
I repeat the same dose of the evening before,
With, perhaps, for a slight variation,
Some ginger for qualification,
That flavours Brown Nance, and I love her the more.

If a job should be offer'd—oh heart-killing thought!—
I complain of my body's debility—
Of cramp in the joints, blister'd feet, and what not;
Then shy off with the greatest agility.
For confinement 's no part of my airy vocation,
And I love to survey the sweet works of creation;
Besides, I 'm a Sensitive Daisy,
That 's subject to fits of the lazy;
And my delicate health requires pure ventilation.

Now what 's life at best, but a stage short and brief,
From the Tramp to the Monarch, all round;
Till Death takes the card, and we get our relief
In the long heavy sleep underground.
Then away with your horribly wearisome labour:
Three cheers for the road, boys! strike up, fife and tabour!
For while this old hulk holds together,
I 'll trudge it through fair and foul weather;
And when I 'm at rest——I 'm as good as my neighbour.

BAREBONES' FIRST DAY IN THE DESK.

(COMMON MEASURE.)

ONE stormy Sabbath morn in spring,
'Mid drenching rain and sleet,
I journey'd on with quick'ning stride
By Arthur's famous Seat.*

The founts of Heaven were open'd wide,
To let Creation drink;
The wind was blowing thunder guns,
The sky look'd black as ink.

Alas! alas! no friendly smile
Of Sol's bright face was there:
Nought but a sad Cimerian gloom—
Dread darkness everywhere.

So on I trudged, with high resolve;
Despite rain's downward flow,
Stern duty's call must be obey'd—
This journey I must go.

For I was then a candidate,
Along with many others,

* A well-known hill in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

(All chosen vessels like myself—
A verdant band of brothers;

Bright pupils of the great Herr Dreich,
Born naturals each one)
For th' office of Precentor in
The parish kirk of Drone.

Now I had got, three days before,
A grand official letter,
Stating "the sooner I came out,
And took my turn, the better;"

That "all my TESTIMONIALS,
One hundred and thirty-four,
Had been received with gratitude:
Please would I send some more."

Adding, "that all who had been there
Were shaky and disjointed;
And, if I proved a plucky boy,
I'd shortly be appointed."

So off an answer thus I sent:
"Dear Sir,—I got your letter,
Stating the sooner I came out,
And took my turn, the better—

"You say that all who have been there
Were shaky and disjointed;

And, if I proved a plucky boy,
I'd shortly be appointed.

"Though in a desk I've never been,
Sir, such is my ability,
That to a common measure I
Can sing with ease *Tranquillity*.

"And if, perchance, a hitch occurs,
To some faint hearts so crushing,
My glorious bold effrontery
Prevents my cheek from blushing.

"For, right or wrong, I still go on,
And neither shake nor wince;
And should I to a dead-lock come,
I trust to Providence.

"Therefore, in spite of fire and storm—
Of hunger, and of thirst,
I'll come and show you *how* to sing,
Dear Sir, on Sunday first."

So on I went, 'mid pelting rain,
And bitter, howling wind,
Till Arthur Seat and Duddingstone
Were many a rood behind;

And on by Forth's tempestuous shore,
With self-conceit A 1,
T' electrify, with splendid pipe,
The parish kirk of Drone.

T

But oh! the nerves—the horrid nerves,
That took a hold of me:
They seized my courage by the throat,
And cast it in the sea.

With sudden, instantaneous force,
They threw me in the shakers;
And all my glorious bravery
Was floating in the breakers.

The waves, as stranded sailors sing,
Were rolling mountains high;
And round and round, with noisy screams,
The sea-birds they did fly—

Oh round and round, with noisy screams,
The sea-birds they did fly;
Yet there was not, among them all,
A greater *gull* than I,

As, thinking on the *flats* and *sharps*,
And how the tunes would go,
I exercised my precious voice
With *fa, sol, la, si, do!*

When suddenly an angry gust
Descended full on me,
And soon the hat that once was mine
Lay floating in the sea!

Then, in an agony of grief,
My loss I thus bewail'd:—
"Come back, come back, mine ancient friend!"
But farther out it sail'd.

Bound for Inchkeith, by Satan driven,
With cakes and cheese inside;
Then fiercely round my dripping head
My handkerchief I tied,

Fast flying like a scare-crow Turk
In turban Oriental,
With painful thoughts of key-notes vile,
And this last *accidental*,

Right onward through the miry slough,
With many a heaving groan,
Till sullen stood before my view
The parish kirk of Drone.

Loud toll'd the bell with deaf'ning clang,
As onward still I dash'd;
With rain and sleet soak'd through and through—
With mud all sore besplash'd;

Until at length, with panting heart,
I reach'd the vestry-door;
Then enter'd like a beggar's ghost,
And fainted on the floor!

And when unto myself I came,
I saw, with perturbation,
The godly elders in a row,
All shouting "Botheration!"

"What 's to be done? the bell 's rung in!"
"All right!" I feebly moan'd;
Then slowly struggling to my feet,
I look'd around, and groan'd,

As, smoothing down my draggled tie,
With dreadful nervous qualms,
I said, "I'm—Mr—Barebones—and—
I'll—thank—you—for—the—psalms!"

"The psalms!" an elder stammer'd forth,
All bathed in perspiration;
"The psalms!" another mocking said,
In fiery indignation.

"The psalms! Oh yes!" his Rev'rence cried,
With anger purple-tinted;
"You certainly look like a man
That 's sure to be appointed!

"See, here are proclamations ten,*
Which you 'll read firm and steady;

* It may be almost superfluous to state that the reading of the proclamations, or marriage-bans, is a duty entrusted in Scottish parish churches to the precentor—a duty often peculiarly trying to an ambitious aspirant.

And there 's the paper with the psalms—
So now, my man—*get ready!*"

Quick from my haggard countenance
The mud-stains were effaced,
And on my fragile, fairy form,
The gown was duly placed.

Forth like a martyr then I went—
Quench'd were hope's smould'ring embers—
And walk'd into a lofty church,
Well fill'd with country members.

With fear I saw each icy glance
That like a serpent stings;
Then mounted quickly to the desk,
And seem'd to mount on wings.

The marriage-banns I stammer'd o'er,
In headlong, trembling haste:
The first was last, the last was first,
No time had I to waste.

And when I came to savage names
That held my tongue in thrall,
I took the best and safest plan,
By reading none at all!

Then, while the psalm was given out,
I raised my fork on high
With energy of fierce despair,
And felt inclined to cry.

Again the line was thunder'd o'er—
Cold drops ran down my face—
A burning throb rush'd through my brain—
For I had lost the place!

I seized the first that came to hand,
And sang, with deadly shudder:
"*Blessed is he that wisely doth*
The poor man's case consider."

With knocking knees, I slew *Montrose*,
And then, 'mid sore surprises,
I call'd at *York* and *Manchester*,
Then landed at *Devizes!*

At length *St Lawrence* glided by,
'Mid stillness most unpleasant,
When suddenly a voice exclaim'd—
"*Stop! that 'll do at present!*"

I started, ceased, and, looking round,
Beheld the congregation
Wild staring, with distended jaws,
In speechless consternation.

First one began to shake his head—
Another—and another;
Then, blinded with despair, I cried,
"My mother! oh, my mother!"

Down from the desk I swiftly sprung,
And reach'd the vestry-door;
Then rent the sable gown in twain,
And cast it on the floor.

Pride, scornful pride, came to my aid—
Fear bade my heart farewell;
And courage rose on golden wing,
And conquer'd as I fell.

And thus I cried, in frenzied rage,
And rolling thunder-tone:
"Awake, ye brutish clods of earth!—
Ye swinish clowns of Drone!

"Awake, awake, ye poor blind bats!—
Ye timber-toned society,
Who can't admire, in one short verse,
The beauty of variety!

"Here do I shake, with heart and soul,
The dust from off your floor:
Send back my TESTIMONIALS,
One hundred and thirty-four!

"Shall I, with such transcendant powers,
Thus vilify my station?
Never! while Barebones is my name,
And Scotland is my nation!"

THE ROVERS OF DERRY.

A PATANIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

THE stars were all bamin' so purty and bright,
And the moon was jist five quarthers owld,
When a band of bowld Derry boys, jolly and tight,
Went in quest of a cabin to pass the night,
For the wind it blew bitther and cowld;
And they look'd to the left, and they look'd to the right—
Up and down, here and there, but the devil of a light
Could they spy out—at laste so I'm towld.
When high from a hay-rick, whose summit was bending,
They saw something slowly, yet surely descending,
Till crash down it fell,
Wid a loud piercing yell,—
The earth to the firmament rending!
"Who's there?" cried a boy, in wild wonder,
As quickly they scatter'd asunder:
"By the powers! I'll go bail,
It's Himself wid the tail!"
So off ran the Paddies like thunder!

They came to an inn, and they knock'd in haste;
On the signboard was "Lodging for man and for baste!"
Loudly they cried,—
"Paddy Macbride!
A dhrop of the crathur our mouths to taste.
For sure the owld devil
Is very oncivil,
To bother poor boys wid his snort and his snivel."
"The saints," cried the innkeeper, "keep us from evil!"
So they sat round the table wid lashins of whisky,
And laugh'd at Owld Nick, who had play'd them a plisky.

There was Tim Brogan, and Teddy O'Toole,
Ruffus Magruffus, and Dermot Macgrule,
Dennis O'Slaney, and Phadrick O'Doole,
Ranty O'Ryan, and Murphy the fool;
And rollicking Rody,
A sturdy owld body,
Drank "Success to swate Ireland," in prime whisky toddy:
And his head was beginning to go niddy-noddy,
When Magruffus bawled out that he didn't care much
Tho' Rody were caught in the devil's own clutch.

"Blessed Virgin protect us!" cried Murphy, dismay'd:
"Out, spalpeen!" roar'd Rody, "who says I 'm afraid?"
He was, well they knew it, as bowld an owld blade
As e'er grasp'd the shillelah, or handled the spade.

Just when they were speaking,
They heard the door creaking,
And then a loud yell, and a terrible squeaking ;
In bounced the innkeeper, pale, wildly shrieking ;
And oh ! how they thrimbled—how Rody did stare,
When Satan stood right at the back of his chair.

" Get out of my sight, ye devouring owld baste,
Or by this and by that, I 'll sind out for the praist !"
" Whisht, ye gossoon !" cries Nick, " arrah don't be in haste :
Ye may do as ye plase, but this potteeine I 'll taste !"
Then the noggin he raised,
And wid horror they gazed,
As they saw it go down, how it hiss'd—how it blazed !
" Phililoo !" cried the boys, as they jump'd up, amazed
To see his black kingship so merry and free,
As he lilted " Moll Kelly," and " Cushla-ma-chree."

" And how 's all yer bountiful fathers and mothers,
And yer faymale relations likewise ?
And how 's all yer rowdydow rapparee brothers,
The joy and delight of me eyes.
Troth they 're managing matters so nately,
That they 're doing my business complately ;
For oh but they love their owld father so swately,
Wid their riotings, murders, and arsons so beautiful :
Sure were ever there subjects more lovingly dutiful ?"

Grim Pluto was now getting furiously merry :
He shouted for claret, hock, brandy, and sherry,

Dublin stout, the owld rogue, sparkling cider, and
perry;
"Hurroo! Ha, ha, ha! my swate darlints so cheery!"
Sure the like ne'er was seen in the owld town of Derry.
He danced and sung
Till the rafters rung;
And the innkeeper trembling,
His anger dissembling,
In much consternation,
And great tribulation,
Got delightfully dhrunk for the good of the nation;
But hopeless of quelling the bacchanal riot, he
In a fit of abstraction,
And clane stupefaction,
Went out and address'd the Bogtrotter's Society!

Ranting and rollicking,
Frisking and frollicking,
Louder dark Pluto's wild uproar grew,
Wid many a shrill "Whack!" and a "Hubbubaboo!"
When thrusting his long horny paw in his wallet, he
Threw down, wid a roar,
Yellow boys in galore,
Like a squire of the shire, or a pink of the qualithy!

And deeper and deeper the Owld Boy drank,
Till the table he quickly did mount for
To give an oration
On Dodgification;

When Rody bawl'd out,
Wid a roar and a rout,
"Arrah! where, my black honey,
Did ye get all the money?"
"From Scotland," says Nick, "I purloin'd it:
Troth they 'll look long enough ere they foind it!
To tell yez the truth, boys, for once I 'll be frank—
Thims the browns that belong to the Westhern Bank,
That the blessed babes couldn't account for!"

"And what brings ye here, where the weather's so cowld,
Unless it's to do bodies harm?"
Says Rody, "for faix it's meself that's been towld
Yer country 's right purty and warm."
Says he, "Rody, avic, I 'm jist on my way
To fetch home a Major, that 's been on half-pay
Since the time he became a young lady's desaiver:
Oh the villain!—to court her, and marry her—then lave her!
He 's a heartless gommogue, wid estates in his eye,
And the name of this spalpeen begins wid a Y!
But atwixt you and me—tho' ye needn't be spakin'—
When he 's down, by the piper! he 'll get such a shakin',
That the A——n——e gintry 'll cry, for a wager,
'Oh be kind to the sowl of the beautiful Major!'
Be *kind* to the Major! I 'd *wallop* him rather!—
Sure I blush that the scoundrel should call *me* his father!"

They had sat for a moment to swallow some gin,
When a praist passing by, heard the terrible din:
To be an inthruder he thought it no sin,
So widout hesitayshin he bowldly walk'd in.
But he roar'd in affright,
"By the Pope, what a sight!
Boys dhrinking wid Barny at this time of night!
Avoid thee, Sathanas, wid all thy might!
Mia Carissima!
Mater Purissima!
Hoximo poximo snipflipopótamus!
Get home to yer Haddies, ye owld Hippopótamus!
Hurroo! wirresthrue! hubbaboo! Belzeborum!
Pig's-eyes! Pratie-pies! hey cockalorum!
By the powers, I 'd say more, but I can't get it quick enough."
Says Nick, "Howld yer tongue—of yer blarney I 'm sick enough!
But when ye come down, Father M——y, my charmer,
To a place where the weather's delightfully warmer,
I 'll be bound but ye 'll find that yer stir-about 's thick enough!"

Then the thunder it bellow'd—the lightning it flash'd—
The wind it blew high, and the chimney pots crash'd;
And everything seem'd on the way to get smash'd,
Unless such proceedings were instantly quash'd;
When, whisking his tail like a cat wid a mouse,
He spread out his wings wid a terrible roar,
Look'd once at the Paddies, then twice at the door;

But finding it bolted, he cried in wild glee,
"To the deuce wid expinses!—it 's all one to me!"
Then he splatter'd slap-bang through the roof of the house.

"Phililoo!" roar'd the boys, as the fiend disappear'd:
"Phililoo!" wid a yell, was by all plainly heard.
"We may thank yer swate Riv'rence we 're not in the Downs!"
So the praist thank'd the Virgin, then look'd for the browns:
But he scratch'd his bald pate wid a howl of surprise,
Then he turn'd up the whites of his beautiful eyes;
For down through the floor they went chinking and clinking,
And the Paddies stood horror-struck, shrinking and blinking,
Till in wild desperation, the praist took to dhrinking.
There!—down through the ground,
For miles around,—
Down—down went the yellow boys, steadily sinking.
Says the praist, "By the bones of that owld haythen Hecthor,
They've gone back to the fob of the arch-fiend Directhor!"

THE STANE FEVER.

(Suggested by the Wallace Monument at Stirling.)

SAY, neibour birkies, dae ye understand
The spread o' this stane-fever i' the land?
The cause, I trow, I canna comprehend:
It looks as if the world were near an end
When folk raise collieshangies, greet an' grane,
For glorious heroes lang forever gane;—
As if stark dead were manhood's noblest parts,
An' nocht were left but graves, an' wither'd hearts.

What *record* needs yon king o' famous fallows,
Freedom's bricht star—immortal WILLIE WALLACE!—
Whase deeds shall flourish fair thro' future time,
An' far outlive yer crumblin' stane an' lime;—
Whase name 's a magic spell in ilka lan'—
His truest monument—*the Heart o' Man!*

What needs perpetuate, wi' lofty pile,
The bluidy days o' yore—remembrance vile!—
What needs the Scot to taunt his English brither,
When hand-in-hand they 've gien sae lang thegither—
Fought, bled, an' conquer'd on the battle-plain—
Triumphant victors on the roarin' main—

Borne, far an' near, their matchless flag unfurl'd,
An' made their name the glory o' the world!

For ever hence yer ancient bluidy tales,
While peace an' plenty crown our hills an' dales;—
For ever hence the hate o' days langsyne,
While friendship dwells within this heart o' mine.

Gang hame, thou cauld stane-fever, to thy grave:
The gowk that fosters thee 's a morbid slave.
The Past 's lang dead an' gane—the Present 's ours—
But oh! how gloomily the Future low'rs!—

For pregnant years before my sicht arise,
When War shall strike red terror thro' the skies—
When BRITAIN, roused at last to righteous rage,
Shall hurl, wi' fiery wrath, her battle-gage—
Strong in her ironclads that mount the wave—
Strong in her rifle-ranks o' freemen brave—
Sternly advancin' in her glorious micht,
Shall launch her thunderbolts in Freedom's richt,
Clash her bricht steel, blaw loud her bugle-horn,
An' humble low yon tyrants vile, that mak' puir nations mourn!

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